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July 31, 1957

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The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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JULY 31, 1957

Vol. 25, No. 8

WOMEN AND POLITICS

The League of Women Voters wants women elected to the N.S.W. Legislative Council, and its campaign has the support of the State President of the A.L.P.

"There should be more women in the various Houses of Parliament in Australia," he says, "because the women's viewpoint would be of great assistance to any legislature."

This is true, but wishing women into Parliament won't get them there even though they're a natural choice for portfolios like child welfare and health.

The real problem is that although women now compete with men in practically every professional and business field few make politics an objective.

One reason, and it has an historical basis, is that men control the political machines, and women need to make a combined and determined effort to get into those machines, serve long apprenticeships, master political history, and make their influence felt.

Another reason, and perhaps the most important, is that only a small percentage of women have time to spare from family raising to think of making politics a career.

Women, too, have perhaps spent too much of their energy in purely women's movements and have thus remained on the fringe of politics as irritants rather than combining to force their way into government.

Women will get into Parliament only if they attack in force through the political machines. Until they do that, and until women vote unanimously in those machines and for women candidates, women will not be represented in the Parliaments of this country except as rare and determined strays.

Our cover

● Bubble baths are a favorite film device for presenting grown-up girls in attractive poses. Our cover girl hasn't decided yet whether she plans a film career. She is one of the gallery of youthful beauties collected by Leo Aarons, celebrated New York photographer of children.

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New magazine covers the field of entertainment

● For the first time Sydney now has a weekly magazine covering film, radio, and television news and programmes.

The first issue of this bright magazine—PICTORIAL with Show—appeared in Sydney on July 12. The first two issues have been extremely successful, and have raised favorable comment from the film, radio, and television industries.

PICTORIAL with Show combines two magazines: Pictorial, the magazine which brings you pictures from all over the world, is now joined by Show, Australia's only complete entertainment guide.

Apart from a comprehensive guide to Sydney entertainment, Show has dozens of interesting articles each week on all phases of films, TV,

radio, and other entertainment.

Film and theatre expert Harry Keen, fresh from the world's entertainment centres overseas, presents film stars from a new angle.

Another regular feature is Show Diary, with candid pictures and news snippets from Hollywood and London studios.

New releases in Sydney theatres are covered by Show's critics, and there are special previews of coming attractions each week.

News in the theatre and music world also has its place in Show, as does dancing, dining, and hotel entertainment information.

One of the features in Show that will be of special interest to women is the "Pic-A-Tune" contest, with £5000 for prizes,

including a Chrysler "Royal" car, with power steering, power brakes, and automatic transmission.

The Chrysler "Royal" Australia's first big car, a trip to Paris for two by Air India, as well as a host of other prizes go to the lucky winner of "Pic-A-Tune," a simple competition which costs nothing to enter.

This competition is designed for radio listeners and full details will be found each week in PICTORIAL with Show.

As well as all this, Show has the only complete weekly coverage of TV and radio programmes for all stations, and Sydney's most comprehensive film guide.

PICTORIAL with Show is on sale at all newsagents each Friday for ninepence.

WIMBLEDON BALL



ABOVE. Ashley Cooper, idol of teenagers at Wimbledon, drinks a toast with Mexican player Yola Ramirez and pretty Annette Hallett, of Melbourne. RIGHT: Singles champions Althea Gibson and Lew Hoad, after their tennis victories, take the floor for the "Winners' Waltz" at the Wimbledon Ball at Grosvenor House.



PRETTY TENNIS WIVES Mrs. Ham Richardson and Mrs. Vic Seixas, of the U.S., and Mrs. Don Candy, of Australia, see the Queen arrive at Wimbledon from the balcony above the Competitors' Restaurant.



DESIGNER Teddy Tinling—the Dior of Sportswear—and Jenny Hood (left) drink a toast to the success of her husband, Lew, in the singles championship. Jenny is wearing a dress designed by Tinling.

THE QUEEN chats to doubles losers Lew Hoad and Neil Fraser after having presented trophies to Gardnar Mulloy and Budge Patty. "It must be terribly hot playing," she said, "it's 90 degrees in the stand."

Be smart, be modern

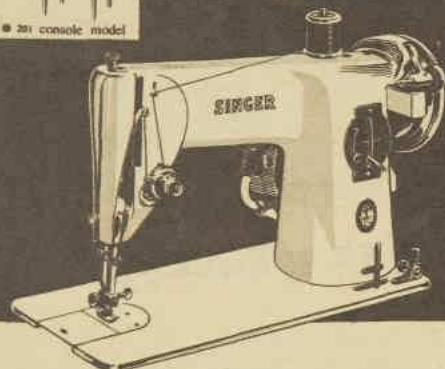
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Interfaith marriages...

What are the problems of mixed marriages?

Why do all churches oppose them?

What effect do they have on children?

By JACK HARRISON POLLACK

● Since World War II the number of interfaith marriages has soared. Today, as far as can be determined, half of all church members marry those of a different faith, and there is reason to believe that such marriages are increasing.

THE failures and successes of interfaith marriages in America are now outlined in a book, "One Marriage, Two Faiths," by Dr. James H. S. Bossard and Dr. Eleanor Stoker Boll, of the University of Pennsylvania, U.S.A.

The doctors have searched the United States for their material. They use the term interfaith to describe all inter-religion marriages; marriages between members of two different Protestant sects as well as between Protestant and Catholic, Gentile and Jew.

Their study shows that many mixed marriages involve Roman Catholics. The Rev. Father John L. Thomas, of St. Louis University, reports that about three out of ten marriages performed by the Roman Catholic Church are interfaith ones.

Other Catholic studies reveal that another 15 to 25 per cent. of marriages involving Catholics are without official Catholic permission. Together these two figures mean that at least one-half of all Catholics marry non-Catholics.

Higher figure

Protestant interfaith marriages are also increasing. A nationwide study for the Lutheran Church by Dr. Bossard revealed that 58 per cent. of members were marrying outside their religion—a sharp jump over previous years.

Although figures on Jewish intermarriages are the hardest to obtain, sociologists estimate that the rate is increasing. Orthodox Jews rarely marry outside their faith, but Reformed Jews occasionally do.

non-religious Jewish persons even more so.

How successful are these interfaith marriages and how successful will they be in the future?

One study showed that when both partners of a marriage were Protestant, 6.8 per cent. of them were separated; when both were Catholic, 6.4 per cent. were separated. But when the marriages were mixed the figure jumped to 15.2 per cent.

Even if there is no divorce or separation, many cultural differences cause considerable tension in the home. Every religion has a distinctive set of values, as well as form of worship, which reaches into people's daily lives.

In any interfaith marriage, problems begin at once. Even people who no longer practise the faith in which they were reared are influenced by their early training.

Families have to be informed. Will they mind? Will a mother say, "This will kill your father" or "How will we face our friends?"

Whether or not a family takes an interfaith marriage in its stride, where will the wedding take place?

If it is between an Orthodox Jew and a Gentile or between a Catholic and a Protestant, the couple cannot be married in the usual synagogue or church ceremony.

Who can be invited to the wedding? Must the guests be carefully chosen? Who will be the attendants?

An interfaith wedding can cause considerable tension and requires careful thought so that family feelings are not permanently injured.

Dismayed wife

On the honeymoon a bride and groom who have married outside their faith learn things about each other that they had never dreamed of in the artificial, best-foot-forward courtship days.

One Protestant bride was shocked when her Catholic husband rose to attend an early Mass on the first Sunday of their honeymoon. "I couldn't have been more hurt if he had slapped me in the face," she said.

A Protestant groom was used to a leisurely Sunday breakfast before church, but his Catholic bride fasted until she returned home from Mass.

"I didn't want to make it hard for her by asking her to fix breakfast for me and I didn't like to eat alone either," he said.

When faced with the reality of it, however, the girl's early religious training came to the fore. "I could not commit this sin," she said.

A silent compromise developed in which sometimes her husband insisted upon contraceptives and other times she would rebel against them. When she had her way, he worried. When he had his way, she was overwhelmed with guilt.

Friends also can be a thorny problem. Some may have to be written off regretfully as not true friends or as bigoted.

Some pairs alternate their friends and never mix the groups. Others cut off the friends of the husband or the wife and keep the other's. A third policy is to leave old friends behind and make new ones.

When the last was done, couples repeatedly told the investigators: "Our friends are people who also have made mixed marriages."

One woman said: "I don't understand all this fuss about mixed marriages. All my friends have made them and we all get along fine."

When asked if it wasn't strange that all her friends happened to make mixed marriages, she smiled bitterly and admitted, "You're right. You don't speak the same language we do unless you're a member of 'the club'."

One Catholic bride and her Protestant husband decided they would use contraceptives during their first two years of marriage.



WHERE TO SEE OUR IRISH FASHION PARADES

● David Jones Ltd., Great Restaurant, Elizabeth Street store, Sydney.

Gala Premiere: August 10, tickets £3/3/- each. (Proceeds to the Old People's Welfare Fund.) Preferential bookings now open by letter. Address applications to David Jones: mark envelopes "Irish Fashion Parades."

Daily Parades: August 12 to 21, 3.30, 6.30 p.m. Bookings open July 29 at Elizabeth Street store booking bureau; 3.30 Parades, 10/6, including afternoon tea; 6.30 Parades, 7/6, including light refreshments.

A GROWING HEARTACHE

Some of the problems are the most expected ones. Edna and Frank, for instance, were intelligent, liberal, broad-minded; both had a sense of humor.

Their home backgrounds in many ways also were similar. There was one major difference—Edna was a Presbyterian and Frank was a Roman Catholic.

After their honeymoon Frank assumed that they would attend the Catholic Church, and that if he accompanied Edna to the Presbyterian Church it was an act of graciousness on his part. Edna, who had a Presbyterian minister grandfather, had made similar assumptions.

They compromised by trying to attend both churches. Edna, however, could never enter freely into the spirit of the Catholic service, and she resented what she felt was condescension in Frank's attitude towards the informalities of the Presbyterian Church.

On the birth of their first child, Frank, who had been unaware of the depth of his religious feelings, urged that his daughter be baptised in the Catholic Church. Edna insisted on a Presbyterian baptism. Although unhappy about it, Frank gave in. Eighteen months later a son was born and Edna gave in.

They compromised on the choice of their children's school, too, the son attending a parochial school and the daughter a public one.

Delayed worry

Today, ten years after their wedding, their problem is a growing source of bitterness. Frank is a good husband, father, and provider, and Edna is a sensible, affectionate, down-to-earth mother. But the gap between their early religious training is becoming increasingly important, though it wasn't evident to them during their courtship.

Some problems of interfaith marriage crop up years later. Ed was Protestant and Ruth was Jewish. They consulted a marriage counsellor and their friends before they married.

They decided that in religion they would go their separate ways with mutual respect. Also, as their desire for parenthood was not as strong as their wish to build a happy life together, they agreed not to have children, realising what the burden of two separate religions might mean to them.

Ed worked for a company where his ability won him rapid promotions.

When he was 42 another

promotion was pending, but this time it meant a move to a distant city.

He was told frankly that in the other community there was considerable feeling about marriages such as his. If Ruth would not mind joining him in religious activities Ed would get the promotion.

Ed decided to remain where he was, but his decision drove a wedge between him and Ruth which did not exist before—frustration on his part and self-consciousness on hers.

Children are the greatest problem in interfaith marriages. Religious training of the children is the chief source of friction, and the real test of an interfaith marriage is usually how parents grapple with the problem.

If parents quarrel over their respective religions or feel guilty about having married outside their faith this conflict is too often passed on to their children.

No control

"What am I?" is a question many children of interfaith marriages ask. Parents themselves often have no control over this dilemma because even though they have agreed to rear their children one way they are often deeply disturbed when they see the children being taught a faith different from their own.

The stories of these children are poignant. It is a tremendous burden for a child to be tugged back and forth between two religions, first seeing the "truth" of one and then the equal "truth" of the other.

Whichever religion the child favors, he often feels guilty about his inability to accept the other.

Some parents try to solve the problem with a dual religious education: "We'll raise them both ways and let them decide for themselves."

Some parents try to divide their children's religious education by saying such things as: "You take the boys and I'll take the girls" or "You take the first and I'll take the second."

Dr. Bossard found: "A choice by sex or by number is dangerously divisive, separating male and female, older and younger loyalties into two camps. It often results in religious hostility."

Other parents take a hands-off policy and let their children choose their own church or none at all.

"Some," the study found, "never can. When they do they usually choose a church

for pleasant social relations rather than religious values."

When they are successful, however, their concern is often directed at their parents, such as the nine-year-old boy who found himself happy at a Quaker Friends' meeting and came home to announce: "I wish I had a good mummy and daddy like the other kids."

Can succeed

Another child of an interfaith marriage said: "A young child can't intelligently choose a religion. I was allowed to make up my mind, but I was so confused that I had to grow up, go overseas, and be away from my family for five years before I could get any idea of what I wanted to be."

When they grow up, these children make mixed marriages more frequently than children from one-faith families.

These sad stories do not mean that every interfaith marriage fails. Interfaith marriages can and do succeed, but couples have to work harder on them.

According to the Bossard-Boll study, mixed marriages may be successful when one of the partners wholeheartedly accepts the religious culture of the other. But a "convert" must not yield to pressure; he must join his partner's faith voluntarily.

The study has found that interfaith marriages can be happy when enlightened, tolerant partners rationally agree: "You go your way and I'll go mine"—and really mean it.

Dan, a Baptist, and Polly, a Catholic, worked it out that way. Dan loved Polly, but not for a dozen Pollys would he budge from being a Baptist. Polly knew her own mind, too, and went to Mass regularly, always by herself.

Two opinions

Dan told Protestant friends, "Catholicism is kind of silly, but if that's what Polly wants—well, let her have it!" Polly, in turn, considered that Dan had been "brought up so silly," but he was a good husband in every other respect.

Friends agree that it has been their mutual sense of humor and balanced personalities which have kept Dan and Polly so happy for the past 14 years.

The study also found that the problems of an interfaith marriage are less when couples agree beforehand not to have children. Mary, the



eldest of thirteen Catholic children, had been exploited by her poor family and didn't want any children of her own. She saw eye to eye with Morris, a Reformed Jew, who, after the Hitler persecution, resolved not to bring any more Jews into this hostile world.

Today, 12 years after their marriage, Mary occasionally talks about having children, but she is happy in her marriage.

Abandoning religion is another way by which some mixed marriages work. Both partners drop out of church and break completely with their religious pasts.



STAKES ARE HIGH

COUNTLESS young people will continue to shrug off their elders' and churches' advice and make interfaith marriages, say Drs. Bossard and Boll. If they do, they should agree before marriage on the controversial subjects they will face and stake out their common ground.

If already in a mixed marriage, the book advises you also to stress the common ground and to distinguish between the essentials and non-essentials of your marriage. The stakes are high—personal happiness and the best interests of your children.

Says Dr. Bossard: "The path to happiness in any

marriage is through understanding, tolerance, compromise, and mutual respect. Family happiness is not an accident or a gift. It does not come by legislative decree, priestly blessing, or from an ordering or forbidding technique.

"Family happiness is an achievement resulting from intelligent and co-operative effort. Families are happy because they work at it.

"The slogan of religious groups that 'families that pray together stay together' might be restated to say that families that share and enjoy things together stay together."

IT'S MAGIC...

Pink Magic

For your lips and
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Three exciting Cutex shades—magical pinks to touch your lips and fingertips with the vivid glowing colour of matching Cutex lipstick and nail polish. Cutex Nail Polish keeps fingertips glamorous, glowing with perfect colour. Cutex lipstick keeps your lips radiantly lovely all day—all evening long—stays on even after a kiss.



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Cutex "Stayfast" Lipstick, 4/11; Cutex Nail Polish, 3/3 Regular; Cutex Nail Brilliance, 4/9.

A192

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 31, 1957

THIS WAS MOTHER'S "DAY"

Ingrid sees eldest daughter again

● Years of misunderstanding between Swedish-born actress Ingrid Bergman and her daughter Pia have been wiped away in a week of Paris sightseeing and understanding friendship.

THE two had a few glorious days together, despite Continental and American newspaper predictions that their reunion would be disastrous.

Ingrid, of course, did a lot of planning to make sure that her daughter's trip from Stockholm would be a success.

It is six years since Pia, now 18, stood in an American court to say, "I never want to see my mother again."

That much-headlined statement virtually ended the legal fight between her father, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, and Ingrid over her custody.

After the verdict, Ingrid, divorced from the doctor nearly a year previously, went into temporary retirement, sheltering behind her new husband, Italian film producer Roberto Rossellini.

Dr. Lindstrom, with Pia, returned to his native Sweden—and later remarried.

In a sense, Pia's Paris adventure was not well timed.

Ingrid was caught in a fierce journalistic siege over an alleged affair between her husband and the lovely wife of an Indian film producer.

It was natural, therefore, that she should want the first few minutes with her daughter to be in private.

When the plane from Stockholm taxied in at Le Bourget airport, she asked airline officials, "Could I meet my daughter alone?"

Tense, but beautiful in a slim navy dress with white belt, shoes, and gloves—but

no stockings—the ageless actress waited while officials escorted all other passengers out of the aircraft—leaving only Pia inside.

Then she rushed up the steps like an eager young girl.

Ten minutes later mother and daughter emerged smiling and entirely at ease.

They walked across the tarmac with arms around each other's waist.

A shout went up from the waiting crowd of journalists,

photographers, news-reel cameramen, and radio reporters, and they both laughed.

As the cameras flashed, reporters asked Ingrid if she thought Pia had changed. "Of course she has," the actress replied. "She's grown up—a young lady now."

She noticed a slight frown of irritation across her daughter's face, and added, "By the way, she likes to be called Jenny Ann these days."

This is hardly surprising. The name Pia came from the initial letters of "Peter—Ingrid . . . Always."

Jenny made an excellent impression with her bright smile, wide-set eyes, and perfectly groomed, shiny blond hair.

In the hot Paris summer she soon changed her suits and high heels for light dresses, low heels, and no stockings.

This was just as well, because mother had planned a pretty hectic programme, with plenty of walking and sight-seeing.

Their first visit was to the Eiffel Tower, where they



SWEDISH ACTRESS Ingrid Bergman and daughter Jenny Ann Lindstrom clasped arms to keep together in the crowd of reporters and photographers which met them at Rome.

lunched on the first-floor restaurant and looked through binoculars at the spots to which they would be going.

After a cheese souffle and a glass of white wine they strolled along the Seine, where Jenny bought a couple of watercolors and a small china candlestick.

Between Ingrid's stage appearances in "Tea and Sympathy"—a record hit in Paris—they went to the usual tourist haunts, including the forest near Fontainebleau, one of Ingrid's favorite places.

After the visit Jenny was due to fly back to her father and stepmother in Stockholm

before returning to Colorado University, in America.

Instead, she went with Ingrid, who had to make a swift dash to Rome, where five-year-old Isabella, one of her three children by Rossellini, had been stricken with appendicitis.

And now the Continental gossip columnists are awaiting the return to Rome, in a week or so, of Rossellini himself from India.

If they are to be believed, he is little more than a scoundrel and an accomplished homewrecker.

Rossellini, meanwhile, is replying with spirit to the attacks.

He is suing the Bombay paper "Blitz," which first printed reports of an affair with Sonali das Gupta, wife of the producer for whom he went to India to make a film.

He is demanding a retraction of all accusations, public apology, and heavy damages.

"Fabrication"

The lovely Sonali herself has announced her version of the affair with devastating frankness.

In the tiny apartment on the outskirts of Bombay, to which she has taken refuge from her husband, family, and the public, she said:

"My family fabricated the whole scandal—and my husband, the weakest of them all, joined them."

"When Rossellini arrived in India my husband was among the first to say I should try to work with him—for prestige value."

"But when I got a job scriptwriting, my family



INGRID put a fond arm around her husband's shoulder when she denied, yet again, reports of their impending separation. This picture was taken just before Rossellini went to India.



ON THE BALCONY of her Paris hotel, Ingrid is romantically serenaded by a Hungarian orchestra. She starred in the stage version of "Tea and Sympathy" in Paris until the illness of daughter Isabella, 5, forced her to fly to Rome.

turned on me in hatred and envy.

"They were jealous because Rossellini, in his film-making, had received V.I.P. treatment from the Government that they had never had."

"My husband accused Nehru (Indian Premier, who placed a private plane at Rossellini's disposal) of fawning on a foreigner—then he turned on me."

"I would not demean myself to repeat his accusations, because he is a weakling who let himself be used by others in the Indian film industry—all jealous, and using me as the instrument of their malice."

"My husband even urged me to get more money from Rossellini for my work."

"The whole sordid affair has sickened me. Now I am alone and this apartment my only refuge—no friends, a family and husband influenced against me, and not a rupee

"What's more, I have no real ideas on about how to earn money—I've never had to before."

Meanwhile, Ingrid Bergman, the most-sought-after actress in Europe, is considering a proposition to make a film based on her life, including the story of her marriage to Rossellini.

And as if she has not said enough in defence of him and their life together—which has survived repeated, bitter attacks—here is her last, scornful word on the Indian incident:

"The rumor that my marriage with Roberto is finished is an old one."

"We have been married for seven years now, and I never ask him to be a monk when he is far away from me."

"If he keeps company with other women I am not going to destroy our life together because of that."



HAPPY FAMILY picture of Ingrid Bergman and the three children of her second marriage, to Roberto Rossellini, was taken in Paris while the children were on holiday. Soon after they returned to Rome, Isabella (right) had appendicitis, and her mother flew to her bedside. The other children are Roberto, and Isabella's twin, Ingrid.

MAYFLOWER AFLOAT ON SEA OF DOLLARS

Story and pictures by **ROBERT FELDMAN**,
of our New York staff

● In Davy Crockett style, the good ship Mayflower II recently sailed right out of a picture-book into a shimmering green sea of 20th-century dollars.

IT was the image of the first Mayflower, which brought 120 pilgrims to these hostile shores in 1620, and which made only history.

The replica, which arrived in a widely heralded gesture of Anglo-American goodwill, was somewhat more successful in doing a furious trinket business with the natives at a great and profitable rate.

Admittedly a few waves of criticism have crossed her implausible bow, but that was in Boston and Plymouth, where the locals couldn't understand why the barque had to be towed south to New York with unseemly haste.

Somehow they had naively believed that the voyage was untainted by profit motives and unsullied by the hand of the advertising man and sideshow Barker.

Looking like a wayward Chinese junk, the archaic 90ft. square-rigger creaked her way across the Atlantic in a 54-day voyage that excited world admiration.

On landing at Plymouth Rock, Australian skipper Alan Villiers displayed a knack for public relations at least equal to his skill before the mast.

His Churchillian figure, sand-paper Australian accent, and unselfconscious humor quickly won over the doubters, and livened up a dull news week.

Having weathered a gale into New York, Villiers and his piratical-looking crew got the traditional celebrities' greeting—a ticker-tape parade up Broadway—while Mayflower II went on exhibit at an admission of 95 cents (about 8/6), and backers congratulated themselves on pulling the year's smartest publicity coup.

The Mayflower craze is still picking up momentum. A song is out entitled "Voyage of the Mayflower," and promoters of everything from beer to boat shoes have started "tie-in" advertising campaigns, in this aspect of colonial life that would have sent the Pilgrims back to James I pleading for mercy.

Like any good ship, Mayflower must pay her way, for although most of the crew sailed her across for love, she cost money to build and provision.

This money, and lots more, will undoubtedly be recouped by mid-November, when she will be towed back to Massachusetts, to retire in land-locked ease.

Her backers, Plymouth Plantation Inc., hope a million visitors will troop over her in New York and return a net profit of more than 400,000 dollars (£A180,000).

After paying costs and commissions, profits are supposed to be used for exchange scholarships between Britain and U.S.A.

As Mayflower tied up at a mid-Manhattan wharf, carpenters inside the shed put finishing touches on booths at which Pilgrim-garbed concessionaries would hawk souvenirs, including Mayflower ashtrays and furniture, trinkets, Indian head-dresses, and miniatures of Captain Villiers.

Aboard the ship, the only crew who will stay the summer are Felix, the cat, and Edgar Mugridge, the carpenter, for Villiers and the rest have dispersed.

Having made history, Mayflower has settled down to making money, while Captain Villiers is following this fine example with his quick replies in the TV quiz show "The 64,000-dollar Question."



REAL REDSKINS were in short supply when Mayflower II sailed into New York, so Manhattan "made do" by mustering this Boy Scout troop and dressing them to suit the occasion. A display sign, towed by a plane hovering overhead, read: "Palefaces, go home."



AUSTRALIAN SKIPPER of Mayflower II, Captain Villiers, at the wheel, with his wife, Nancy, who flew from Britain to join the ship at Plymouth, U.S.A., for its trip to New York.



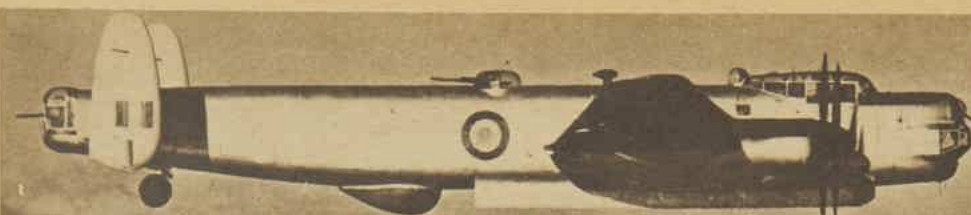
SECOND AUSTRALIAN aboard Mayflower was John ("Jumbo") Goddard, marine engineer, of Alice Springs.



EDINBURGH CREWMAN Anderson Bell carried the ship's cat, Felix, ashore in New York. Behind Bell is John Lowe, British public relations man, who helped dream up Mayflower II's voyage.



NEW YORK'S SKYLINE and the sturdy barque Mayflower II made a contrast of centuries when the Pilgrim ship's replica sailed in recently. Surrounding the dollar-earning Mayflower are tugboats, small craft, and fireboats. The long-legged model on the deck of a photographer's cutter was on orders from her employer, a shoe company head, to "plug" a brand of boat shoe, with which the company had outfitted everyone on board Mayflower for its voyage from Plymouth, England, to Plymouth, U.S.A.



BETSY THE BOMB, new experimental piece of rainmaking equipment, comes down from the bomb-bay of the Lincoln, watched by W.O.P. Scanlan, Sqd.-Ldr. N. Nichol, and C.S.I.R.O. rainmaker Jim Telford. Above: Betsy in flight.

ALTHOUGH C.S.I.R.O. scientists, with more than 150 examples of proved rainmaking to their credit, have long put beyond doubt that rain can be made artificially, my sympathies have been a bit with those clergymen.

When photographer Ernie Nutt and I first reported at Richmond Airbase to fly with the R.A.A.F.'s "Ardu"—Aircraft Research and Development Unit—on a rainmaking flight in New South Wales, Squadron-Leader Noel Nichol pointed at the empty sky.

"We'd hoped to find a few cumulus over the Hunter Valley—and now look. Met. says there isn't one cloud between Victoria and Cape York and for 1000 miles inland, but as soon as we get some we'll do a flight."

"The Rain Doctor will fill you in on what we do, and how Ardu and the C.S.I.R.O. work together."

The Rain Doctor was Jim

Telford, a young Melbourne-trained scientist, born on a vineyard near Mildura, and who, before he joined the C.S.I.R.O.'s Radio Physics Division in Sydney, had been in aircraft only twice.

Now he has logged 250 hours, much of them inside clouds, all over eastern Australia, and looks like logging many more.

Jim Telford took us to the unit's Richmond-based ancient Dakota and converted Lincoln, which not long ago was bombing in Malaya, and in between the bunyip wailing of training jets explained the equipment.

I had expected the Dakota to be packed to the tail with mysterious scientific gadgets.

All Rain Doctor Telford had to show was a drum of silver iodide, two other containers, some copper piping, a small control panel, and a silver-iodide burner slung under the port wing.

Though in the bomb-bay of the Lincoln we saw, and photographed for the first

time, a completely new piece of rainmaking equipment.

This was Betsy the Bomb, a 5ft.-long 148lb. "bomb," which, trailed on a single steel wire, flies horizontally 150ft. below the aircraft.

Betsy is harmless. She acts merely as a weight for two nylon cords, the same as in your tennis racquet, from which electric charges sent down from the bomber will spray the clouds and, the boffins hope, produce rain.

Streamlined Betsy, however, and her new rainmaking technique—it's known as "electro-static seeding"—are still in experimental stages.

Squatting on a drum of silver iodide, Rain Doctor Telford explained why rain forms, and how it is made (see below), but after that we couldn't do much more except go home and wait for clouds.

A new front

After three brilliantly clear days, which grounded the rainmakers, Squadron-Leader Nichol phoned from Richmond:

"We're flying tomorrow. The Met. man has a new front coming in from the west, and promises plenty of cloud."

How right that Met. man was!

All eastern Australia, from Victoria to Cape York, seemed to be under cloud when we took off in the Dakota, climbed to 9000ft. over the Blue Mountains, and sat on top of dirty white cloud as we headed west.

Up front, where ice was already forming on the perspex, were Squadron-Leader Nichol, Flying-Officers B. G. Abrahams and C. Krix, and Flight-Sergeant M. Newman.

In the unlined body of the Dakota, where the heating just kept the temperature bearable, were three R.A.A.F. girls who came along for the flight.

They were Jan Owen, of Sydney, Kathy Sweeney, of Oberon, N.S.W., and Ann Middleton, six months out from England.

Rain Doctor Telford, now in overalls, shuttled, notebook

in hand, between the cabin and the pilots, or studied cloud formations from his observation blister above and behind the pilots.

Once he pointed to the ice forming thick and sparkling on the front of the perspex blister and grinned happily.

I didn't have the courage to tell him that I preferred my aircraft without ice.

Eight thousand feet over Orange we came up with Ardu's rainmaking Dakota, operating from Parkes, and settled in just behind her tail to see her silver-iodide burner glowing under her wing like a starboard light against the frozen sky.

Then we left the other Dakota to her seeding, dropped back, swung away, and turned, sitting just in the top layer of cloud.

Jim Telford went to his control panel.

"Conditions aren't much good," he said, "there's really too much cloud, but I'll show you how she works."

He switched on the pumps which force the liquid silver iodide (it's colorless and smells like nail polish) down to the burner under the wing, flicked another switch to fire the iodide in the burner with an electric charge, and adjusted the flow in a long, thin gauge.

"That's all there is to it," he called above the noise of the engines.

REPAIRING the Dakota's silver-iodide burner is C.S.I.R.O. technician R. Meade. The burner injects burnt iodide particles into clouds. Particles help rain form.

They were Jan Owen, of Sydney, Kathy Sweeney, of Oberon, N.S.W., and Ann Middleton, six months out from England.

Rain Doctor Telford, now

RAINMAKING

A day in the clouds with a burner and Betsy

By RONALD McKIE

● In 1950, when New York city hired a "rainmaker" to try to fill its almost empty reservoirs, the magazine "New Yorker" published a cartoon showing two clergymen watching rain from the windows of their church. The caption read: "I wonder if it's theirs or ours."



C.S.I.R.O. technician J. Morris adjusts the control panel of the R.A.A.F. Dakota's rainmaking equipment. Silver iodide (drum foreground) is pumped through to the burner.

Only the gauges on the panel told us that the burner was alight and that we were seeding, because when the plane is in flight you can't see the burner under the wing from the plane itself.

I pointed to the wing that held the burner: "The burner injects millions of tiny burnt silver-iodide particles into the cloud, the particles stimulate the formation of ice crystals, and the ice crystals produce rain. Is that right?"

"That's it," the Rain Doctor said, "millions and millions of particles."

Bad day

"But are those clouds raining naturally at present?"

"No," he said, "but they soon will be. A pity it's such a bad day. The clouds are too deep—they're right down on the deck—to get under them to check if they're raining."

"How long do they take to rain after seeding?"

"About 30 minutes. The droplets have to grow about 1,000,000 times in size before they will produce rain."

"And how long can you seed?"

"Eight to nine hours—as long as the fuel lasts."

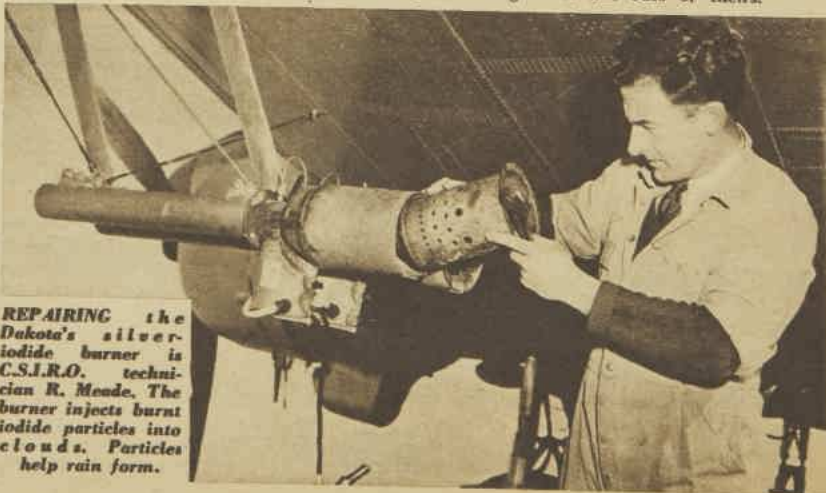
"What does a rainmaking flight cost?"

"About £30 an hour covers everything, but it would be many times that without the co-operation of the R.A.A.F."

We seeded from Orange to east of the Blue Mountains. Then Jim Telford switched off the burners as Squadron-Leader Nichol started down through the murk, heading for home.

It wasn't raining when we landed, but it teemed for the next 24 hours.

And I'm still wondering if it was ours or theirs.



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AN APPLIANCE
THAT COOKS
SO MANY DISHES
SO EASILY, SO
PERFECTLY,
SO ECONOMICALLY

Sunbeam
 Automatic Heat Controlled
**ELECTRIC
 FRYPAN**



WITH
 HEAT-RESISTANT
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Not only makes everything
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 non-greasy... but also
GRILLS, BAKES,
ROASTS, STEWS
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Here's the Secret

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You've dreamed about owning such a modern marvel as this. Imagine an appliance which fries all foods without greasiness, and cooks such an endless variety of dishes that you'll use it every meal, every day of the week.

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Richard Hudnut's special pin-curl Home Perm for
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(particularly for modern, short hair styles!)

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Control and that is all! When your hair is dry, take
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Dries in minutes instead of hours . . . use a hair dryer,
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Magic Curl Control makes Pin-Quick the only home
permanent you can quick-dry . . . and it sets the wave
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Pin-Quick leaves your hair beautifully clean and fresh
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EVERYWHERE sell Pin-
Quick, the amazing, simple,
easy-to-do home perm by
Richard Hudnut . . . 13/-.

BUTCH



"I wouldn't even have to remove the
letter. 'A' could stand for Alcatraz."

MOTHER



ELIZABETH MACINTYRE
"Why don't you paint something
REALLY beautiful? . . . A clean kitchen
. . . Children asleep . . . Or a whole
week's washing, all nicely ironed."

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

THE banishment of
former Soviet Prime
Minister Malenkov to
manage an electric power
station in East Kazakhstan
set a new pattern for Soviet
purges.

The more usual practice of
eliminating enemies by shoot-
ing them has evidently been
discarded for the time being.

It is difficult for a citizen
of the democracies to envisage
the situation that would obtain
at the power station when the
new boss arrives.

But it is bound to be a little
sticky.

It is the second-in-command for whom one
feels sorry. I don't know whether lesser Soviet
executives ever invite the boss to dinner, but
if they do, then this would be the horror occa-
sion of all occasions, especially for the wife.

"On no account ask him how he likes living
here," instructs the harried husband. "And
don't mention Moscow, whatever you do. And
be sure not to ask him about his trips abroad."
"On second thoughts it might be better if
you didn't talk at all. I'll just keep up a light
conversation about electricity."

"And don't wait for him to start eating first.
He might think the food's poisoned."

★ ★ ★

ANOTHER Russian note: Mr. Krush-
chev, speaking in Prague and direct-
ing his words at Western diplomats, urged
that Western nations and the Soviet
should try to get along together.

He said: "There are many cases of people
getting married who are not in love. They
get along very well without love, but with
understanding. Let us try it."

It's a little late, unfortunately, for the approp-
riate solo at such a ceremony. Now it would
have to be "The Voice That Breathed O'er
Macmillan."

★ ★ ★

MALE patients who were cheered by
a British doctor's recent suggestion
that flirtatious nurses should be en-
couraged will be disheartened by a later
report from Montreal.

The week after the British doctor made his
statement (he said that a flirtatious nurse
helped a sick man's recovery), another eminent
doctor, an American, forecast that automation
will invade hospitals of the future.

Beds, he said, will be suspended from a
mono-rail. Much of the routine handled by
nurses and orderlies will be done by machines.

My experience of hospitals is fairly scanty,
but my most vivid memories of them are asso-
ciated with the matron's inspection.

Usually about half an hour ahead of this a
harrassed nurse would arrive, straightening the
bed, tidying the table, hiding the ashtray, and
saying, "Look, I don't care WHAT you do
for the rest of the day, but will you please
stay still for the next half-hour. And DON'T
wriggle and DON'T drop ash round until
matron's gone."

Automation will be harsher, no doubt. Prob-
ably some kind of vice-like clamp will descend
on blankets and sheets to keep patients tidy.

CONSIDER the case of
Mrs. Kingsman Doug-
lass, whose opinion of
Douglas Fairbanks was
cabled round the world last
week.

Mrs. Douglass is the widow
of Lord Charles Cavendish.
Before she married she was
the famous dancer Adele
Astaire.

Last week, after being
placed next to Fairbanks at
a dinner-party, she said, "I
simply can't stand the man.
He always patronises me. He
had the nerve to tell me I
was well thought of in this

country. Why, I came to England in 1923,
before Fairbanks had been heard of."

The interesting point about this report is
that Mrs. Douglass evidently expressed her
views in public and for publication. Her
sentiments are those which most people express
about some people every day, but are rarely
heard by the disliked ones.

It is, in fact, quite frightening to think
what would happen if everyone's opinion of
everyone else became common knowledge.

Normal antagonisms would become explosive
and dangerous; tolerance would turn to hos-
tility, and 75 per cent. of friendships would
be damaged beyond repair.

Perhaps 75 per cent. is too low a figure.
At times even the dearest friends express critical
views of each other to mutual friends.

★ ★ ★

IN a letter to one of the dailies last
week a woman driver proposed that
a new licence-holder should carry on a
car a plate showing the letter "N" for
novice.

Personally I would like to see all cars carry
a distinguishing letter.

A few suggestions for them:
OC . . . Over-confident.
NAS . . . Not always sober.
NH . . . No hands.
BB . . . Bad-tempered brute.

★ ★ ★

WRITING in "Life" magazine,
Marshall Smith says that "Lew Hoad
plays like a man who has checked his
wits in the locker-room . . . he uses little
strategy . . . has atrocious tactics . . .
survives solely on brilliant shot-making,
stemming from natural ability."

He doesn't know his strategy,
His tactics are non est.
It breaks an expert's heart to see—
(The critic beats his breast).
How sad it is upon a court
To watch Lew, lacking wits,
Not giving theory a thought—
Returning smashing hits.
Such stardom makes a sitting shot
Of all a player's sins.
What spoils the argument a lot
Is that the fellow wins.

And now the craze is SKIFFLE

New zany music makes debut in Russia as "British culture"

● Skiffle—the "poor man's rock-'n-roll" and the craze of England—has made its debut in Russia's World Festival of Youth as part of a display of "British culture." It was presented by the London City Ramblers' Skiffle Group, which reached Moscow complete with a baby in one of the violin cases.

THE baby is known as the Skiffleski Baby, and according to her parents, Russell Quaye and his vocalist wife, Hilda, she is happier in a violin case than a carrier cot.

"We had no qualms about taking Vivienne to Russia on the 1780-mile trip," said Skiffleski's father. "After all, the early American settlers took their babies across thousands of miles of desert in covered wagons."

Even Skiffleski's napkin-washing didn't prove too much of a problem for her mother, because skiffler Shirley Land's "musical washboard" helped lighten the toil.

The washboard is one of the main musical instruments in skiffle, which a year ago was scarcely known in Britain. Now it has become part of British folklore.

Skiffle is really lighthearted American folk music with a jazz slant and a very definite beat normally played by guitars, bass, and drums.

The songs reflect the life of the Southern negro of the early 1920s. They are work songs, songs of despair, hope, cynicism, and love.

It was first played by poor negroes in New Orleans.

A man who owed money to his landlord would buy beer and invite his friends to a "rent party," for which he would charge a small admission fee. To get the party to swing, the guests made instruments from comb and paper, stone jars, anything they could find. Words were added, and that was skiffle.

The present revival in skiffle coincided with the popularity of rock-'n-roll, and is mistakenly believed by many to be connected with it.

Skiffle, however, is as different from rock-'n-roll as jazz is from dance music. It depends on continual improvisation, which is opposite to rock-'n-roll with its monotonous beat.

Skiffle groups caught on in England a year ago when a hitherto unknown musician, Lonnie Donegan, made his first recording, "Rock Island Line," which sold more than a million copies.

Now 400 groups in London alone give regular skiffle concerts, mainly in basement coffee-bars, where space is too confined for rock-'n-roll.

Partly responsible for this craze in London are two Australians, Ray Hunter and Paul Lincoln, whose coffee-bar, the 2 Ts, which they opened 15

months ago in Old Compton St., Soho, is referred to as the home of skiffle.

Hunter and Lincoln, ex-Sydneysiders in their early twenties, are former professional wrestlers and film stunt men.

Skiffle has reached such popularity in England that an enterprising firm advertises:

Skiffle Board. Complete with side-drum, sticks, hooter, cowbell, washboard, etc. Price 37/6. (Postage, packing 2/6 extra.)

The Duke of Bedford is the latest to be caught up in the skiffle craze.

He has been packing in the crowds of 2/6-sightseers at Woburn Abbey, his ancient country seat, by making skiffle rhythm on a washboard. Asked whether he liked the music, he said: "Not really. But I like to give the customers what they like. Some like Rembrandts. Some like skiffle. It's all here."

In Sydney, jazzman Graeme Bell has become Australia's first skiffle exponent.

With his skifflers, he has already recorded "Freight Train," "Sweet Georgia Brown," "Don't You Rock Me, Daddy-O," and "John Henry."

Graeme looked thoughtful



ABOVE: London's City Ramblers' Skiffle Group, who introduced skiffle to Russia. RIGHT: Washboard player Johnny Sangster is the "pivot" of Graeme Bell's Skiffle Gang. The washboard, played with thimbles, gives skiffle distinctive shuffling rhythm.



about a suggestion to "skiffle-ise" Australian folk songs, such as "Waltzing Matilda."

He hummed a few bars, bounced gently on his chair, and said enthusiastically, "It's good. We might record it."

Meanwhile, Lonnie Donegan predicts that by the end of the year all walks of life, "from Paris to Persia and Madrid to Melbourne," will gather in cellars to listen to "Cumberland Gap" and other skiffle "classics." But the Musicians' Union in Victoria has provided the perfect squelch.

"What is this skiffle?" asked a spokesman. "We've never heard of it."

TELEVISION PARADE

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Three real, live people you should make a point of meeting are Judy Ann James of Channel 9, TCN, Del Cartwright of Channel 7, ATN, and Mary Rossi of Channel 2, ABN. They present, without doubt, Sydney's best regular live TV.



DEL CARTWRIGHT

IN their women's sessions they carry on their slender shoulders almost the entire burden of adult education on TV. They carry it remarkably well.

Very little that is of interest to women escapes their sharp (and pretty) eyes.

They've already dealt with fencing, yoga, golf, cake-icing, and making gloves, lampshades, and pottery. By talks they have opened the way to an appreciation of sculpture, child psychology, speech improvement: by interviews with celebrities, housewives, suburban grandmothers, and old-age pensioners they have brought viewers a very real picture of other people's lives.

JUDY ANN JAMES, of TCN's "Home" show, Tuesdays from 4.30 to 5.30, is the youngest of the ladies. Tall

and slim, she could well be typed as Australia's nice girl. You would find her counterpart wherever you live—someone who is popular, thoughtful, and competent.

Judy Ann is married to Denis Everingham, one of TCN's team of young directors, and attributes most of her success as a working wife to his patience and understanding.

At present she is busy on a series of new features for her session, which include dancing lessons, art appreciation, and a series of lectures on how to recognise genuine antique furniture.

DEL CARTWRIGHT, of Channel 7, ATN ("Your Home," 4.30 p.m.), is the only one of the three who makes a TV appearance every day, from Monday to Friday.

"I don't run my programme," Del says, "the viewers do."

"I try, by demonstration

and inspiration, to raise the standard of homemaking."

Miss Cartwright would inspire anyone. As well as her daily TV programme, she also appears each week on radio.

In private life she is Mrs. Ken Parry and, single-handed, runs a big home and does all the cooking. Her day is busy from the moment she gets up until she arrives home about 6 p.m. to start to cook dinner.

She loves her fanmail, and

her favorite letter is from one viewer who wrote and said: "I'm moving tomorrow, here is my new address."

"I felt I'd achieved something when I got that," Del explained. "I'd really been into her home as a friend and she wanted to let me know where to call on her in future."

I think it is this friendship she feels between her and her viewers that makes her so relaxed before the cameras.

To watch her reaction to the three TV cameras that hem her in on the set is almost awe-inspiring. She smiles at all her viewing friends and is away on her half-hour visit, apparently unconscious of the cameras.

MARY ROSSI, of ABN's "Woman's World" (every Tuesday at 3.30), doesn't mind the cameras, either. She says this is due to short-sightedness and her refusal to wear glasses on the show.

But nothing worries Mary,

wife of Australian businessman Theo Rossi. The Rossis have five children and are expecting another in October.

Mrs. Rossi, temporarily out of baby-sitters, had Claudia, 4, and Mary Ann, who is rising two, with her when she called to see me.

She is an amazing combination of vivacity and serenity, has a B.A. honors degree, can carry on an interview and a conversation with a two-year-old at the same time, and also thinks during the time for the other children.

A quick telephone call to Virginia, 8, Cathy, 7, and Tim, 6, back from school and waiting for her at their aunt's, and she was back to tell me what TV can do for people.

"I feel it is important to help in opening a window on the outside world to the people at home," she said.

She is retiring temporarily on August 20. Her reappearance on "Woman's World,"



MARY ROSSI

she says, depends on the behaviour of the new baby. (She hopes it's a boy.)

Mary Rossi will make her August 20 farewells with a telecast direct from her home.

"I've been a guest in viewers' homes ever since TV started," she told me. "This time I'd like them to be my guests."

Our interview almost ended in disaster when I moved and sat on a copy of The Australian Women's Weekly with a baby on the cover.

Mary Ann tugged at my skirt and made scolding noises.

"Move, you're sitting on a baby," Mrs. Rossi said in an aside, as she talked of a session about philosophy necessary to prepare for a happy old age.

As she was leaving I asked how her children reacted to seeing her on TV. "They don't," she said, "except to tell me I'm not as good as the Mickey Mouse Club."



JUDY ANN JAMES



Jack Davey says

**"Do it better
with a
Pressure★Pak
product"**



Listen to The Pressure★Pak Show, every Tuesday at 8 p.m.
when Jack Davey tells you more about these amazing products

GOSSAMER

Press the button and a fine mist of Gossamer sets your hair with a delicately perfumed invisible net. Gossamer keeps your hair naturally in place. Gossamer banishes wandering wisps and straggling ends.

Regular size 13/11
Large Salon size 21/-

MORTEIN PRESSURE★PAK

You just press the button and a highly penetrating mist of Mortein is immediately released. This mist quickly kills every fly, every insect pest—even those that lurk behind curtains and furnishings.

Two sizes 8/11, 15/11

AIR★O★ZONE

A touch of the Air-O-Zone "button" releases a fine deodorising mist that instantly absorbs and destroys every trace of odour. Air-O-Zone leave a pine-scented freshness that lingers for hours. Most important—where hygiene is concerned—Air-O-Zone helps abolish harmful air-borne bacteria.

Two sizes 9/11, 17/9

SMOOTHEX

Smoothex Shave Cream for Dad! Press the button and the liquid inside the container expands into a rich, smooth, creamy lather that gives truly luxurious shaves. Smoothex will not dry on the face. It contains a blend of special beard softeners plus lanolin... and Smoothex also has its own built-in after-shave lotion

only 8/6

MORTEIN ANT AND ROACH KILLER

Press the button and spray Mortein Ant and Roach Killer around the sink, skirting boards and cupboards. Mortein Ant and Roach Killer not only kills quickly, but keeps on killing cockroaches, ants, carpet beetles, silverfish and other crawling insect pests.

Large size only 8/11



GOVERNOR'S FAREWELL. The Governor, Sir John Northcott, with his daughters, Mrs. Russell Nash (left) and Mrs. Donald Coburn, and son-in-law Russell Nash in the drawing-room at Government House, where more than one hundred guests attended the last reception given by Sir John, who retires as State Governor on July 31.



RECEPTION IN MELBOURNE. The Victorian Premier, Mr. H. E. Bolte (left), and his wife greet English visitors Lord Morton, of Henryton, and Lady Morton at the reception given by the Victorian Government to mark the opening of the legal convention. Lord Morton, Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, visited Australia for the convention and gave an address at the official opening in Wilson Hall, Melbourne University.



TENTH LEGAL CONVENTION of the Law Council of Australia was opened in Wilson Hall, Melbourne, and in the audience were (from left) Sydney visitor Mr. J. L. Lenehan, Mrs. A. E. Beck, Mrs. John Lenehan, Captain John Lenehan, his mother, Mrs. J. L. Lenehan, and Mr. Beck.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

VISIT to New South Wales for attractive Anne Kidman, of Adelaide, who came over to farewell her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kidman. They are travelling on board *Mariposa* to visit another daughter, Barbara (Mrs. Henry Kiker), now living in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley Williams, of Double Bay (she is Mrs. Kidman's sister), are also on board.

Before returning to South Australia, Anne will visit cousins at Coonamble and Gunnedah—she'll stay with the John Taylors (she was formerly Judy Williams) at

"Youie," Coonamble, and with the Bill Moses' at "Gunnible," Gunnedah.

DOZENS of pretty young girls, their suitcases filled with a froth of julle, will be arriving in Canberra on Saturday, July 27, for the annual winter ball at the Royal Military College, Duntroon. Cadets and their partners will dance in the mess, decorated with snowmen, snowballs, and skis, then supper will be served in the gymnasium.

I LIKE the strawberry-pink wool coat worn by tall, golden-haired Ingrid Osborne, who's just back in Sydney after nearly twelve months' holiday in England.

PRETTY Helen Donnelly will be on the wharf to farewell her fiancé, David Johnson, when he sails for America on August 6 to take up a scholarship at Chicago University. David will do a twelve months' post-graduate course in business administration, and will return to Sydney to be married.

COUNTRY lass Julia Arnott, of "Glenalvon," Murrumbidgee, leaves on board Oronsay in August for twelve months' holiday in England.



AT DINNER-DANCE arranged by the United Nations younger set at the Pickwick Club are (from left) Gordon Stewart, Caroline Fairfax, Mrs. Michael Jones, and Michael Jones. Flags decorated the club.



LEAVING St. Paul's Church, Wahroonga, are Robert Knight and his bride, who was formerly Jan Holdaway, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Holdaway, of Wahroonga. The newlyweds will live at Potts Point.



ENGAGED. Sue Best and Brian Cohen, who have announced their engagement. Sue is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Best, of Lismore, and Brian is the son of the late Dr. and Mrs. Cedric Cohen.



RADIANT BRIDE Mrs. Paul Cant leaves St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, on the arm of her husband. Mrs. Cant was formerly Mary Jane Moore, eldest daughter of Mrs. Edward Chauvel and the late Lieut. Arthur Moore, R.A.N.V.R., and Paul is the younger son of Mr. R. A. Cant, of Maitland, and Mrs. F. L. Cant, of Darling Point.

ROMANCE is in the air for Janet and Gillian Kirkland, pretty daughters of Dr. and Mrs. Keith Kirkland, of Vaucluse. Janet announced her engagement last week to popular Sam Cullen, who is the son of George Cullen, of Elizabeth Bay, and Mrs. L. Phillips, of Tokio, Japan. Her elder sister, Gillian, arrives home next month from England, and will make the final preparations for her wedding in September to Rhodes Scholar Bob Solomon, of Strathfield.

I HEAR that all the hotels in Wellington are booked out with polo players and their supporters, who have congregated for the super three-day tournament for 12 teams, commencing on Thursday, July 25.

Anne

the Ladd

Coming back to find her past she found,
instead, her future — a short story

BY DOROTHY EDEN

ILLUSTRATED BY HOLLAND

PERDITA stood in the foggy air in the roofless room, touching the wallpaper with wondering fingers, while tears stood in her eyes. She used to sleep here. There had been a little white chair by her bed. Once when she had been ill she had spent the long hours counting the cherries on the wallpaper. Their luscious glowing redness among the leaves had seemed forever tantalisingly unattainable.

She had had to climb over rubble to get into the room, otherwise access had not been difficult, because now it had only three walls. The fourth was open to the street. The whole house was a drunken shell waiting for one more blast from the demolition people to collapse into dust.

The shock of recognising this pathetic skeleton of a building only by the peeling and faded wallpaper on a wall had left her almost in a trance. She stood in the gritty dust, neither seeing nor hearing the traffic in the street nor the footsteps of passers-by. She failed to hear any closer footsteps either, and the voice behind her made her give a startled jump.

"What are you doing in my house, may I ask?"

Perdita whirled round, and saw the young man with whitened dust in his dark hair and an inquiring look on his face.

"Your house!" she exclaimed.

"Actually it soon won't be anybody's, as you can see, but it was mine."

"You mean to say you are responsible for this—this dreadful thing!" Perdita waved her hand eloquently over the desolation about them. "Without bothering to ask my permission or even my solicitor's?"

The young man looked puzzled.

"And do you mind telling me why I should ask your permission? Especially considering that I don't even know your name."

"My name," said Perdita haughtily, "is Perdita Mannering, and this only happens to be my house. So naturally I am concerned as to what is happening to it."

The young man came towards her.

"Now look here, Mrs.——"

"Miss."

"Miss Mannering," the young man amended, almost, it seemed, with relief, "I can assure you that you are making a mistake. You may own a similar house, but not this one. I am one of seven brothers—my name, incidentally, is Severn Field, but that," he added with dignity, "is not meant to be a joke. We all received bequests of property from my grandfather, but I, being the youngest, got only this old house that had been hit by a flying bomb in 1944 and stood derelict ever since. However, the site is valuable. A block of flats is to be erected here."

"Mr. Field," Perdita said earnestly, "you are making a terrible mistake. You have pulled down the wrong house. After all, I should know. I lived here as a child. This used to be my room. I remember the wallpaper. How could one forget wallpaper like that? My bed used to be here." She sketched a place in the dust. "And outside, at the top of the stairs, there was a grandfather clock. I could see it through the open door. I liked listening to its ticking at night. It was friendly. Where is it now? What have you done with my grandfather clock?"

"My dear young woman," said Severn Field patiently, "you may well have had a wallpaper covered with cherries, you may well have had a grandfather clock outside the door. But not in this house. This house belonged to my grandfather."

"Mine," said Perdita implacably.

The young man shook his head in confusion.

"Was your grandfather Septimus Field?"

"No; he was John Mannering."

"Well, there you are. This was Septimus Field's house, and I, his grandson, have now received it as a bequest under his will."

"It was a terra-cotta color," Perdita said dreamily. "It had a large front door with pillars—it looked noble—and balconies covered with Virginian creeper. The way I can

remember it, the leaves were always turning red so that the house looked like a dark flame." She turned suddenly and accusingly on Severn Field. "I come back to London to find that house, and look what has been done to it!"

Severn abandoned one problem for another.

"Where have you been all this time, since the house looked always on fire, and the grandfather clock ticked on the staircase?"

"In Australia, where my parents moved when I was a child. But I always felt my roots were really in England. So I came back to put them down in the house my grandparents left to me. And now what am I to do?"

"There has been some strange mistake," Severn said perplexedly.

"That's what I'm telling you. And you have made it. Where are the tenants?" Perdita whirled on him. "Their name is Batter. Mr. and Mrs. Batter. What have you done with them?"

The young man's lips began to twitch with their first smile.

"I can assure you that I haven't buried them in the cellar. Nor yet used them to cook the fish."

"This isn't a joking matter," Perdita snapped. "Where are Mr. and Mrs. Batter? They pay me eight pounds a week rent, not to mention the matter of their personal safety."

"All I can say is that Mr. and Mrs. Batter are safely residing in another terra-cotta house with a pillared doorway and cherry wallpaper in another part of London."

"Don't be absurd. The house was always in Knightsbridge."

"So was mine," said Severn mildly.

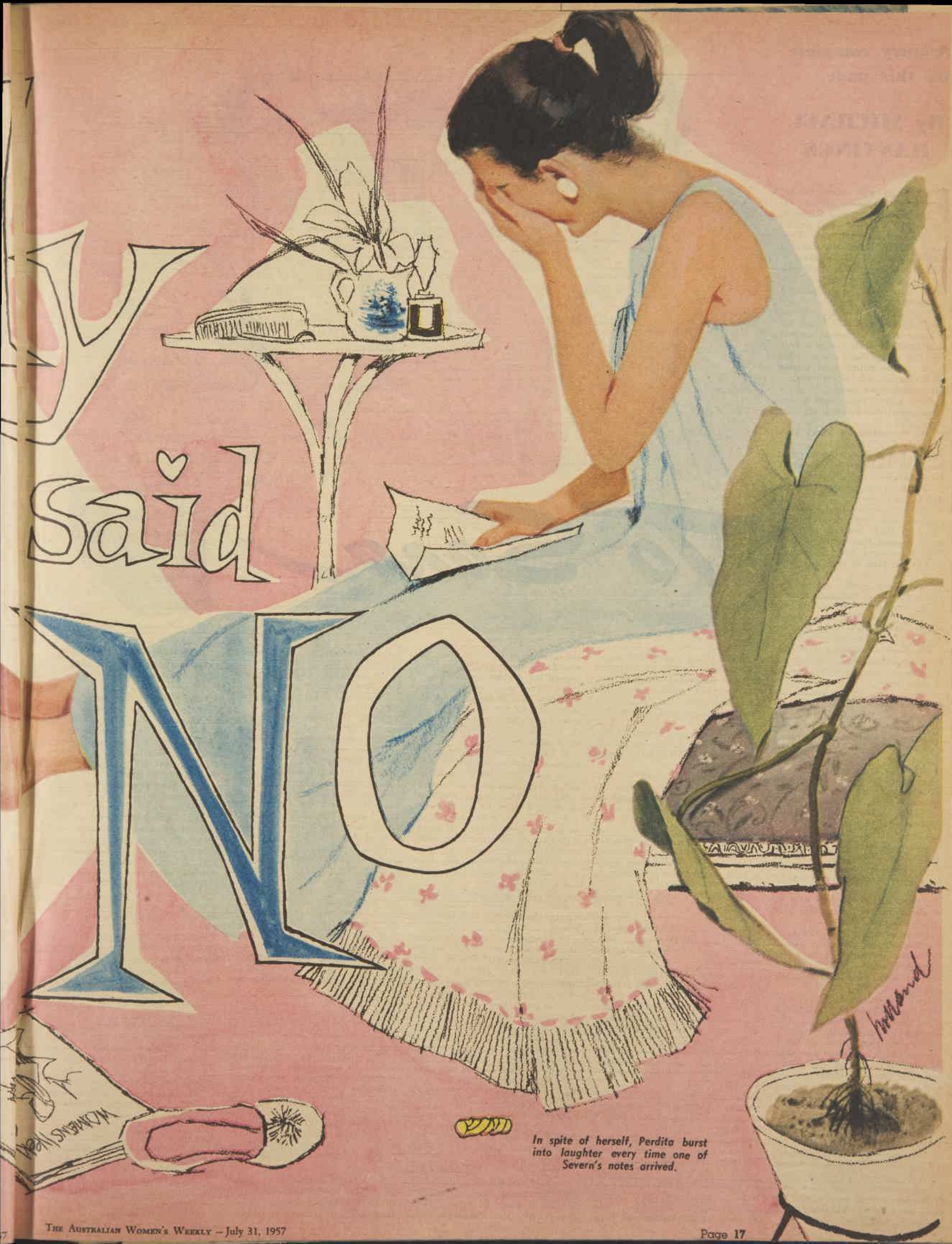
There was a sudden explosion. The floor shook perilously beneath them and dust rose in ash-colored clouds. Perdita gave a stifled scream and found herself held very firmly by the strange young man, Severn Field.

"We'd better get out. They're just blowing up the stairs," he said cheerfully.

A man's head, whitened with dust, appeared at the top of the staircase.

"Hey, you two! No trespassing here. It ain't safe. Go over to the park if you want

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Yes
said

NO

In spite of herself, Perdita burst into laughter every time one of Severn's notes arrived.

A story complete
on this page.

By MICHAEL
HASTINGS

FIVE years after their brother went to Singapore the two sisters made a dreadful discovery. At first everything had seemed all right, and Lucy had said: "Time passes quickly. Before we realise it we'll have Peter back on leave."

"Perhaps, one of these days, we'll be able to go out there and visit him," Sara, four years younger, always dreamed a little.

"I wouldn't care to be away too long," Lucy remarked. She was the practical one, and largely responsible for their never taking a holiday. She always had a reason—right down to the difficulty of leaving Sooty, the cat, who was always unhappy with other people.

After a time they began to feel disappointed that Peter didn't write more often.

"It's thoughtless of him," Lucy complained. "Think how we've always looked after him—kept a home for whenever he needed it. His vacations . . ."

"When he was released from the Army," Sara said.

"While he studied for his exams."

It was true they'd devoted themselves to their brother, who was much younger than either of them. They'd managed very successfully to take the place of their dead parents.

That Peter would outgrow his gratitude, marry, and leave them—as it were—on a shelf in the big old house was their secret dread. Secret because these were separate dreads, never discussed.

But there was nothing in his letters, sent fortnightly, to alarm them. There were disappointments, though, in other ways.

As time went on the letters became less personal. Reminiscences dwindled and there was an increasing amount concerning events in Singapore, sometimes dull political stuff.

And after all these minor disappointments a major one came along. Peter wrote to say he wouldn't be taking home leave because of pressure of business. He planned crossing to the mainland for a month at Cameron's Highlands.

The sisters were very quiet after reading this letter. Sara was the first to recover from the shock. True to her dreaming, she said: "I know! Peter's saving as much as he can. We know his business is good. He's planning to retire as soon as possible. Then we'll have him back home with us."

Lucy wasn't so sure. Privately she was annoyed that Peter should have sent the news to Sara. He alternated letters to them, and it was Sara's turn; but this was rather different.

Lucy was the head of the house and Peter should have departed from the usual arrangement. No doubt it was unthinking male tactlessness, but it was almost an insult.

Lucy couldn't have it out with Peter, so unconsciously her resentment was diverted to Sara.

One day Sara said: "You seem quite irritable. What's wrong?"

"Nothing," Lucy said rather sharply.

"Well, you're certainly behaving differently."

"Nonsense! You imagine things."

Lucy regained her good humor when she received Peter's next letter. It was written from Cameron's Highlands and it was warmer in tone, more like the old Peter. She said so to Sara.



"I don't notice much difference," Sara said in a small cold voice. She had, but she wasn't admitting it.

"You can't possibly say that!" Lucy exclaimed. "If you honestly don't see it you must be most unobservant."

"The only thing I observe is that it's shorter than the last one he sent me!" Sara said. There was a danger note in her voice.

Lucy was so delighted with the letter she missed Sara's reaction. "I think it's much the usual length," she said casually.

"Oh, no, it isn't! I'll fetch mine and you can see for yourself." And Sara ran to her bedroom, unlocked the special drawer of her dressing-table, and took out the top letter.

They counted the typed lines on the thin airmail pages.

"What did I tell you?" Sara cried triumphantly.

"Fourteen lines less," Lucy admitted. "But it is rather pointless, dear. After all, Peter's on holiday. I don't suppose he feels like writing long letters."

She spoke very calmly, but her face was a shade paler, just as Sara's was a trifle flushed.

Peter's next letter, for Sara, came by an afternoon post while Lucy was over at the vet's collecting some powders for the cat. Sara, opening the envelope, thought: How nice that I'm alone. I can read it quietly, without Lucy bombarding me with questions.

Peter was still on holiday, and this was a cheerful letter which would have delighted Sara but for one thing. It was much too short. Less than a single page of typing.

Sara whispered: "I can't let Lucy see this." The argument about the length of the letters was too recent. Lucy would pounce on this as a victory.

Suddenly Sara knew what to do. She went to the kitchen and burnt

the envelope in the boiler stove. She wondered about destroying the letter as well but decided against it.

The letter would be safe among the others and it would be all the more precious because Lucy would never know about it.

"A secret between Peter and myself," she whispered.

It was not until she was in her bedroom that Sara realised the next letter would be for Lucy. Would that suggest Peter had given her a miss?

No, she told herself, it would be all right. There'd be the time gap and she'd brazen it out that a letter must have gone astray. If necessary she could appeal to Peter, who'd confirm sending a letter.

As Sara came downstairs, Lucy returned. She'd been caught in a sudden heavy shower.

"You look drenched!" Sara exclaimed. "You must change right away. I do hope you haven't caught a cold."

"Of course not!" Lucy was touchy about colds. It was one of her pet beliefs that people worried themselves into them. But she did go up to change, pausing on the stairs to ask: "Any mail this afternoon?"

"No," said Sara, so easily she surprised herself.

Lucy didn't develop a cold; but a fortnight later, returning from a meeting of one of her committees, she complained of a headache. She took aspirin and went to bed early.

The next morning Sara called in Dr. Fowler. He said: "Influenza. There's an epidemic."

Lucy's irritability soared to match her temperature. She told Sara quite sharply not to start fussing. "Just bring me the few things I need and then leave me alone."

"Very well," Sara said quietly. On her way downstairs she couldn't help the thought of how much more pleasant it would be to have Peter as a patient. He'd always preferred

her to nurse him, too. Lucy wasn't sympathetic.

The following morning Lucy was better, but her temperature was up.

"You'll have to keep to your bed," Sara warned her.

"We'll see about that," Lucy reached for the early cup of tea. "The trouble with most people who get flu is that they start to fuss. Worry only makes . . ."

Sara didn't wait for more. As she went downstairs on her way to prepare breakfast, she heard Lucy calling. Well, Lucy could wait. She gave a frosty little smile. No doubt Lucy wanted to lecture her about bad manners.

Then she forgot Lucy for the moment. Two letters dropped through the flap to the polished boards of the hall.

She hurried to pick them up. One envelope was in the vet's handwriting. It would be the bill for the cat powders. But the second was from Peter—addressed to Lucy.

Sara nibbled her lips as she stared at it. Why did it have to come today of all days? Lucy was in an unpleasant mood and would say immediately: "So he forgot to write to you."

She put a hand to her head. She wasn't equal to it. She'd had a bad night and didn't feel too good. Perhaps she was going to be ill, too.

She walked slowly to the kitchen. Should she keep Lucy's letter back? If Lucy had heard the postman she could give her the vet's bill.

Sara muttered: "I could cope with the situation better tomorrow." Then she remembered that Lucy would be up and about, ready, as usual, to meet the postman at the door. So how could the letter be delivered naturally?

Suppose . . . She was at the boiler stove. Her actions seemed dictated, as though some force was hypnotising her. She removed the circular

They stared at each other, suddenly discovering their mutual hatred.

top and picked up the poker to stir the coke into flame. Then she held out the letter.

A low cry from the doorway made her turn sharply. Lucy stood there, white-faced and furious.

"My letter! It's from Peter and you're trying to burn it!"

Sara's hand held back the letter, away from the open fire.

"I'd never have known!" Lucy gasped. "But I called to tell you I'd changed my mind about toast. As you wouldn't come back I came down to make it myself. And I've caught you! I know—you want Peter to yourself! But you won't get him. I'll see to that!"

They stared at each other, discovering at last their hatred. And the letter remained forgotten between them.

Peter was back from Cameron's Highlands. Work had amassed on his desk. In particular, there was a thick folder containing the documents relating to a complex mining-rights dispute.

"You'll find everything there, sir," said Seton, his secretary.

"Thank you. By the way, Seton, I wrote to my sisters while I was on leave. Couldn't think what to say to them. I was tempted to advise them to find a smaller, more suitable house. But I don't think they would."

"They'll drag out their dreary lives in the ghastly old morgue, I suppose. So I didn't say anything of the kind. Glad to hand the job back to you. You do better than I can."

"As you wrote to them both, it'll be to Miss Sara this time, I think, sir."

"That's right. To Sara." Peter reached for the folder. "Now let's get down to important things . . ."

(Copyright)

His wife cried WOLF

A sophisticated short story

By TIMOTHY FULLER

I LIKE to watch my wife laugh. That may sound nutty, but it's a fact.

She begins to chuckle down-deep in her throat and then it works itself up until she tosses her head and out comes the "Ha!" just one "Ha!" and it's over. Terrific.

That's why I told her about Harry Peters and how he tried to stop his wife from saving things. You know, saving everything—old clothes, paper bags, bacon grease.

By the time they'd been married two years their apartment was full up. Harry couldn't even find room in a closet to hang up his clothes.

So he started saving newspapers. He told her it might be interesting to look back through them some time. He got two papers every day and three on Sundays and he piled them under the bed.

In a month there was no more room under there, and he began stacking them under the dinner-table. The idea was as soon as she

got fed-up and complained he was going to suggest cleaning out the whole place.

"Do you know what happened?" I asked Helen.

"No," she said, beginning to smile.

"She went out and rented a bigger apartment!"

She produced the whole routine—chuckle, toss of head, the single whoop.

"Oh, Joe," she said when it was over. "That's lovely! I know it isn't true, but I love it anyway."

I raised my right hand. "So help me," I said, "it happened."

"Oh, darling, what a liar you are!"

I'm not really a liar. Harry's wife is a terrible saver, and one day when he asked her what would happen if he, too, started accumulating junk she said she guessed they'd have to move to a bigger place.

So it could have happened. In the advertising business you have to learn to dress up

the truth in a nice bright package or you get nowhere.

The trouble is, Helen has always been strict with the truth. She never exaggerates. If it's a cold night and the thermometer reads one above zero, that's how she reports it, not just zero like everyone else.

But it was a mistake to tell her about Harry Peters. It gave her an idea.

"Joe," she asked me, much later that night, "do I have any faults?"

By this time we were in bed.

"Faults?" I said, astounded. "Listen, honey, you're the greatest. You're the prettiest, smartest, most wonderful wife in the world!"

"Mmm," she answered. "That's nice. You know, darling, I think you're perfect. There isn't one tiny little thing I'd want to change about you."

That's when I should have tumbled to her scheme. I mean, here was Helen, a paragon of honesty, calling me faultless. Any clear-headed thinker would have known she was handing me the Harry Peters routine.

She was out to reform me from my lying ways. But I muffed it because, right then, I wasn't a clear-headed thinker.

I got it the next day when we went out to the boss' country place for Sunday lunch. I got it with a bang.

A. B. Zingler, president of the Allied Airlines, was there for the weekend, and Daggett had been shooting for this account for

months. The plan was to have Zingler meet a few of the bright young members of the team, also our wives, and perhaps all that combined charm and wit would be the clincher.

For the occasion Helen had chosen a new summer dress in undersea-green which, with her cropped copper hair, was frankly devastating. I could see Zingler snap to attention as soon as we stepped out on to the terrace to be introduced.

This Zingler had been one of those boy generals in the Air Corps during the war, and now he was all crewcut grey hair, flashing eyes, and jutting chin. He was tanned and lean and at the moment his wife was back in Columbus with the kids.

"That's a very lovely gown, my dear," he said, leaning over Helen's hand.

"Why, thank you, General," she said and almost curtsied. "It's just a little thing I ran up myself."

I nearly went flat on my face. That little thing had cost me plenty.

"Everyone calls me Mike," Zingler purred. "May I get you a drink?"

"Oh, Joe will get the drinks," said Helen.

When I got back they were talking golf. Helen had played exactly three times in her life and had hated it. I stood there weakly beside Mrs. Daggett and listened in.

"I once got a hole in one, Mike," Helen was saying. "It was the craziest thing. When

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"Why, thank you, General," Helen said in answer to his compliment, and staggered me by going on to say, "It's just a little thing I ran up myself."

Illustrated by
BARBARA ROBERTSON





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Ann Travaire

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THE SCAPEGOAT

By **DAPHNE DU MAURIER**

AS the days passed I, the Englishman JOHN, who exchanged my life for that of the French aristocrat JEAN DE GUE, whom I met by chance in a bar, unearthed more family secrets. I know that Jean's mistress is BELA, who lives in the nearby town of Villars, that his sister-in-law, RENEE, is madly infatuated with him, that his sister BLANCHE hates him, and the wife, FRANCOISE, longing for a son, is afraid she may die in childbirth, that the mother, the COMTESSE, would care little if she did die, for it meant Jean could use the money left in trust by Francoise's father.

I spent Saturday morning at the family glass foundry going through business papers with JACQUES and stumbled on the mystery of the former master of the foundry, MAURICE DUVAL. Accused of being a collaborator with the Germans, he was shot by Resistance fighters and his body thrown into the well adjoining the foundry.

I forged Jean's signature and sent back the new contract to the Carvalet firm, knowing I must find the money to keep the foundry working.

My worst shock came when I realised that on Sunday the usual shooting party was to be held. As I cannot shoot I knew I would reveal myself immediately as an impostor. To prevent this I threw Jean's watch into a bonfire in the garden and burnt my hand trying to pick it out. I told the family this and congratulated myself on a convincing excuse, but that night the daughter, MARIE-NOEL, told me she had been hidden in the dovecot and had seen my action.

NOW READ ON:

I SAT down on the chair beside the bed. It was easier than standing up. The gap between us lessened, and I was someone on her level, not just an adult talking to a child. I realised she must have interpreted my action as a deliberate deed to rid myself of the watch, and then, regretting it, had burnt myself retrieving it. Self-inflicted pain had not occurred to her, yet it was something she would readily understand.

"The watch was really an excuse," I said. "I didn't want to shoot tomorrow. I didn't know how to get out of it, and then, standing by the bonfire, the idea came to me to burn my hand. It was simple, but stupid. I did it rather too effectively, and it hurt more than I intended."

She listened calmly. She took up my bandaged hand and examined it. "Why didn't you pretend to be ill?" she asked.

"It wouldn't have worked. People would have realised nothing was the matter. A burnt hand is genuine."

"Yes," she said, "it's never pleasant to be found out. Now you have mortification and have learnt your lesson. May I see the watch again?" I felt in my pocket and gave it to her. "Poor thing," she said, "he's black, and he has no glass. He's had his day. Everyone was wondering at lunch why you should take so much trouble to rescue him. I kept my secret to myself. I did not tell them that before you tried to rescue him you had thrown him into the fire. It was rather a shame to make the watch suffer. Didn't you think about that?"

"Not exactly," I said. "I was a bit muddled in my mind. I was thinking about someone who had been shot, murdered, a long time ago, and in a flash I'd thrown the watch in the fire and burnt my hand pulling it out again. It was as quick as that."

She nodded. "I suppose you were thinking about Monsieur Duval," she said.

I stared at her, surprised. "As a matter of fact I was."

"Very natural," she said, "since he

gave you the watch and he was shot. The two things go together."

"What do you know about Monsieur Duval?" I asked.

"He was master at the foundry," she said, "and according to Germaine some say he was a patriot and some say he was a traitor. But he had a horrid death and I'm forbidden to talk about it. Especially to you and to Aunt Blanche, so I never do." She handed me back the watch.

"Who told you not to talk about it?" I asked.

"Gran'mie," she said.

"When?"

"Oh, I don't know. Ages ago, when I first heard the story from Germaine. I was telling it to Gran'mie and she said, 'Shut up. Never repeat servants' gossip. It's a string of lies.' She was very angry, and she's never talked about it since. Tell me, Papa, why don't you want to shoot tomorrow?"

Here was the question, and I did not know how to answer it. "I just don't," I said. "I have no reason."

"You must have a reason," she insisted. "It's the thing you like doing best."

"No," I said, "not any more. I don't want to shoot."

She considered me gravely, her large eyes suddenly and rather terribly like the child Blanche in the family album.

"Is it because you don't want to kill?" she asked. "Is it suddenly a sin to you to take any life, even a bird's?"

I should have told her instantly no, that my reason for not wanting to shoot was because I was afraid of shooting badly, but instead I hesitated, seeking a loophole for escape, and my hesitation was taken as assent. I could see, by the glowing excitement in her eyes, that she was weaving some fantasy in her mind about her father being sickened suddenly of all blood, all slaughter, and that he had burnt his hand so that he should not be tempted to kill again.

"Perhaps," I said.

As soon as I had spoken I realised my mistake. I had not deliberately lied to her before. Now I was doing so.

I was building for her a false image of Jean de Gue, giving her what she asked for so that I might be spared the truth myself.

She knelt up in bed, and, careful not to touch my bandaged hand, put her arms around my neck. "I think you've shown great courage," she said. "It's just like the verse in St. Matthew: 'Wherefore, if thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off, and cast them from thee; it is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, rather than, having two hands, or two feet, to be cast into everlasting fire. And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out . . . I'm glad it wasn't your eye; that would have been much more difficult. As it is, your hand will heal, but still, it was the intention that matters, or so Aunt Blanche always says. It's a pity we can't tell her, though I'd rather we kept it as a secret between us both.'"

"Listen," I told her, "there's no need to make a great mystery of this business. I burnt my hand, I can't shoot, I don't want to shoot, and there's an end to it. Now forget it."

She smiled and bent down and kissed my bandaged hand. "I promise I won't mention it," she said, "but you can't prevent me from thinking about it. If you see me looking at you tomorrow in a very particular way, it will mean I am thinking of your great act of humiliation."

"It wasn't a great act. It was a foolish one."

"Fools are wise in the eyes of God. Papa, Aunt Blanche would like me to be a nun. She says I shall never find happiness in this world, and I believe she is right. I think so more especially now I am reading about the Little Flower. What do you think?"

I looked at her. She was standing up now, small and serious in her white nightgown, her hands crossed.

"I don't know," I said. "I think you're a bit young to decide. Just because Aunt Blanche hasn't found happiness in the world it doesn't mean



When I opened the door Francoise and Blanche faced me and the former said frantically, "It's Marie-Noel, she's vanished, she's nowhere in the chateau."

you won't. It all depends what you mean by happiness. It's not a crock of gold at the foot of a tree. Ask Monsieur le Cure, don't ask me."

"I have. He says that if I pray hard enough, one of these days God will show me the answer. But Aunt Blanche never stops praying, and she's years older than I am and hasn't got the answer yet."

The church struck ten. I was tired. I did not want to discuss the spiritual state of Blanche, or Marie-Noel, or myself.

"Oh, well," I said, "perhaps you'll be luckier than she is and know the answer sooner."

She sighed and settled herself in bed. "Life is a great problem," she said.

"I agree."

"Do you think it would be easier to be somebody else?" she asked.

"That's what I'd like to find out."

"I wouldn't mind being another child if I could be sure of getting you as my father," she said.

"You're wrong," I told her. "The whole thing is an illusion. Good-night."

Oddly, her devotion depressed me. I turned out her light and went downstairs to the dressing-room and the camp-bed. It was not my burnt hand that prevented me from sleeping—that didn't hurt any more—but my realisation that the facade was everything, the skin and semblance of Jean de Gue all that any of them wanted. Cesar, who had known me for a stranger, had been the only one to recognise the fact and yet he reconciled—he had permitted me to pat him this morning and had wagged his tail.

I slept restlessly for a few hours and was woken by Gaston throwing back the shutters to a grey, damp morning with a thin drizzle. Instantly the whole day loomed before me—the shoot, the guests, the ritual of the hours to come, as foreign to me as a tribal feast—and it seemed to me desperately important that I should let none of the family down, that I should not disgrace the de Gue or the chateau of St. Gilles, not because I had any respect for the absent seigneur but because something within me acknowledged tradition.

I was aware of footsteps in the corridor

and voices on the stairs, and the church bell began to ring for Mass. I thanked heaven I had shaved and had only to struggle into the dark suit laid out for me—and there was a tap on the door and Marie-Noel came in and was able to help me.

"Why are you so late?" she asked. "Is your hand worse?"

"No," I said. "I'd forgotten the time." Together we went into the bedroom to wish Francoise good-morning and then downstairs and on to the terrace. We could see the little family party going on ahead—they had passed through the gateway and were already crossing the bridge, Paul and Renee and Blanche, and on Blanche's arm, huge, massive, and bent, a black figure that I did not recognise.

I was about to question the child when it suddenly dawned upon me that there was the comtesse herself, whom I had only seen seated or in bed. The two black figures, one, so large and dominating, leaning upon the other, stiff and upright beside her, looked like silhouettes cut out against a paper background of hillside and ancient church, the whole framed in a wan grey sky.

We caught them up and I offered the mother my other arm so that she could lean upon both Blanche and myself. I saw that she was even taller than I had thought: we were of equal height, but her massive frame made her seem taller still.

"What's all this about burning yourself?" she asked. "Nobody ever tells me the truth." We had reached the timbered entrance of the church as I finished my story and the bell ceased ringing. "I don't believe it," she said. "No one but an imbecile would have done such a thing. Or have you suddenly become one?"

A little knot of village people standing in the porch drew back to let us pass, and as we went through and up to our places, the comtesse still leaning upon Blanche and myself, I thought how incongruous it was that the family of de Gue came here to pray and ask forgiveness of their sins when two members of it had not spoken to each other for fifteen years.

I had thought that once inside the church, and taking part in Mass, I might forget the masquerade and become the seigneur of St.

Gilles indeed. Instead, a latent sense of guilt rose to confuse me. I was more than ever conscious of deception, conscious that I was tricking not so much the family I knelt beside, who were already familiar to me and whose faults I knew and somehow shared, but the villagers in the church of whom I knew nothing.

I was caught between two moods—the one of self-abasement for my deception, making me feel that every word of the Mass must surely be a solemn declaration of my fault; and the other of intense awareness of the discomforts suffered by those beside me—of the mother, groaning audibly as she shifted on her knees, of Paul, with a smoker's morning cough, of Renee, whose sallowness was pallid without powder, of Marie-Noel, slavishly imitating every action of her Aunt Blanche, bowing lower and lower over her clasped hands. Never had the Mass seemed so long, so pregnant with inner meaning, yet heard with such lack of grace, and when it was over and we shuffled down the aisle, the comtesse leaning heavily on my arm, the first words she muttered were, "I suppose that fool Renee is going to doll herself up like a parrot because Francoise is in bed. I've a good mind to stay downstairs and spoil her fun."

In the porch Blanche came to take her other arm, and the three of us went slowly down the hill back to the chateau. So we entered the domain, brother and sister mute on either side of the mother, who professed herself delighted to see the rain, for the day would be a failure, the guests soaked to the skin, Renee in popinjay feathers bedraggled if she put her head out of doors, while Paul, in charge, would make a fool of himself from first to last. "And so," she said, squeezing my arm, "you'll have the laugh of them after all."

We were on the terrace by half-past ten, standing in mizzling rain as the first cars drove through the gateway. Poor Renee, her innocent plan thwarted, was hidden from

view by the massive figure of her mother-in-law, who, leaning on a stick, a great shawl covering her shoulders, stood in the place of honor at the entrance to the chateau, regally offering a word of welcome to each as he arrived. Because her appearance was so unexpected, even the burnt hand of the seigneur was passed off as a small mishap, and the absence of Francoise not even noticed. Madame la Comtesse was "receiving"; nothing else counted.

The transformation was complete. I could hardly believe that the woman who stood here holding court, surrounded by every sort of guest from the neighboring estates, was the one I had seen crouching in her chair upstairs or lying grey and exhausted in the great double bed. Every remark she made held in its tail a sting about the day's proceedings. "Better pick chestnuts and leave your gun behind," to one, and to another, "If you want some exercise, take my terriers for a walk. They'll give you more sport in ten minutes than Paul will in five hours."

I stood apart, not wishing to be involved in her malice, but my silence was misconstrued and taken for irritation at my accident. My reiteration of "Don't ask me anything—ask Paul" was obviously thought to be mockery of his efforts, and I could see the impression spreading that the day would be a hit-and-miss affair, with nobody in charge and the whole thing slightly ridiculous. Paul, nervy and harassed, was looking at his watch, anxious to be off, his schedule already behind-hand, when I felt someone touch my elbow.

It was the man in overalls who lived in the cottage by the garage, and he had Cesar by his side.

"Here is Cesar, Monsieur le Comte," he said. "You had forgotten him."

"I'm not shooting today," I said. "Take him to Monsieur Paul."

The dog, excited to be loose and sensing the sport in store for him, roamed round searching for his master, and took no notice

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- * AJAX is gentle to lovely hands.
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FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

• The problems that confront you in your teens recur through adult life in different guises. They're not just "part of growing up," they're with you throughout life.

THE bright side of this dreary picture is that you become much more clever about dealing with them as you get older and they stop worrying you. Here is a mixed bag of problems.

"I AM 19½ and although I have never been out with a boy this doesn't really worry me, but it seems to worry my parents, especially my mother, and they say I should do something about it. I don't go dancing and I never seem to have enough energy for sports. I am not in any clubs and am too shy to join by myself. I don't have a girl-friend, so what can I do about my parents' problem?" "Friendless," Sydney.

I would say you are either sick or dishonest.

You say you haven't enough energy for sports. If that is true you are sick and you should see a doctor immediately. It is not normal for a girl of 19½ to be so tired.

Do see a doctor about it. You'll feel better and problems will be much easier to cope with.

About this worry of your parents: Don't worry about their worries. You have plenty of your own. Just make an effort to be more friendly with the people with whom you are in contact.

"I AM 14 and like a boy whom my mother has met and approved of. This boy showed a liking for me last year, but towards the end of the year he didn't see me as much. I know it would be silly to say I love this boy, but I like him very much. This year he doesn't seem to take much notice of me. Do you think I should give him a record for his birthday or just a card? I would like to give him something, but I don't want it to seem as if I'm chasing him. I have asked this boy to my school dance and he accepted. Do you think I should wait and see how he reacts, as I've never been out with him or any other boys?" "Uncertain," N.S.W.

I wouldn't give him a



A word from Debbie . . .

• It's more than a month since the shortest day, and spring is only just round the corner. Fashion-wise it's a "Sissy Spring," with ribbons and laces and buttons and bows.

Filly lace blouses need special care. This is the way to deal with them: as well as the lace-trimmed cotton dress you're sure to have this spring. Wash carefully and iron. Iron the lace flat, then run along each row of lace with your fingernails and the lace will frill softly and evenly.

If you want to start a sissy pretty-look at your tennis club, sew rows and rows of nylon lace (at least six) round the cuffs of your tennis socks.

present for his birthday; I think that would frighten him off. I think it would be better not to send him a card even, but if you badly want to, send him a funny one. You know, I think you are doing remarkably well for a girl of 14. I'd do as you suggest: "See how he reacts," and enjoy yourself. You'll have a good time if you remember to treat him as a boy you like rather than as a matrimonial prospect.

"MY problem is the lack of concentration I have during lessons or while reading a book. This brings about poor results in the end-of-term examinations. I am always tired, which does not help, and I am a shy, nervous person as well. Some films, lovely music, and ballet seem to carry me away and are constantly in my thoughts during the day. I also dream a lot in my sleep, which is most annoying and partly the cause of my tiredness. Also I am too interested in my hobbies. Can you help me to forget them a bit and improve my concentration? Also tell me how to prevent my constant dreaming. I have not yet made up my mind on my vocation for the future definitely, but would like it to include culture, whatever it may be."

"Worried," Vic.

I've got news for you. I'm not a magician or a fairy godmother. What you've got to do is make up that mind of yours definitely that you

are going to pass your examinations. Unless you do this, you'll find little culture in your vocation. You won't have the education to appreciate it.

"AS I'm going to make my debut shortly, I have asked a boy I used to go with to partner me. He said he would, and I would like to have him for my partner, as we are still very good friends. For the past two months I have been going steady with a boy whom I like very much. My mother said if I did not ask this boy to be my partner I would be insulting him. What do you think I should do? Also, would I give the boy a present for partnering me? Do I give the boy a photograph of us taken together or do I give it to his mother?"

"Margaret," N.S.W.

Good manners are designed to make life more pleasant. To keep your own life this way, you should make your debut with the boy you asked in the first place. If you do this, no one will be hurt, no one insulted.

If you take the other course, I think you may lose the regard of the boy you first asked and you might well tarnish your relationship with your present steady. He may think he was getting a foretaste of the way you might treat him some day.

I certainly don't think you should give your debut partner, whoever he is, a present, or his mother, either.

***** DISC DIGEST *****

ALTHOUGH Arrigo Boito is a familiar name to dyed-in-the-wool opera-goers—he wrote the libretti for Verdi's operas "Otello" and "Falstaff"—it is often forgotten that he himself was a composer of two operas, "Nero" and "Mephistopheles."

Naturally, the opera collector will make Gounod's "Faust" his first selection, but if he already has this classic he should investigate the new LP recording of "Mephistopheles" on OALP.1369/70 because, apart from affording an interesting comparison, it contains lots of exceptionally fine music.

The title role has been entrusted to Boris Christoff, undoubtedly the finest bass on record today, and the role of Marguerite is sung most movingly by Orietta Moscucci.

Collectors will also be glad to renew acquaintance with that fine tenor Giacinto Prandelli (Faust), who made such a big impression in recent LP recordings of Puccini's "La Bohème" and "Il Tabarro." Orchestra and chorus, under the direction of Vittorio Gui, are from the Rome Opera House, and the set of two records is accompanied by an Italian-English libretto.

The same orchestra and chorus also have a chance to star on their own in a very original LP (OALP.1277) called "Opera Chorus."

Under the baton of Giuseppe Morelli, they sing a dozen concerted numbers from a wide assortment of operas. Some are from well-known works, such as "La Traviata," "Turandot," and "Forza del Destino," but the majority open up fresh fields for most of us, being choruses from "Nabucco," "I Lombardi," "Otello," "Le Maschere," and "Iris."

—BERNARD FLETCHER.



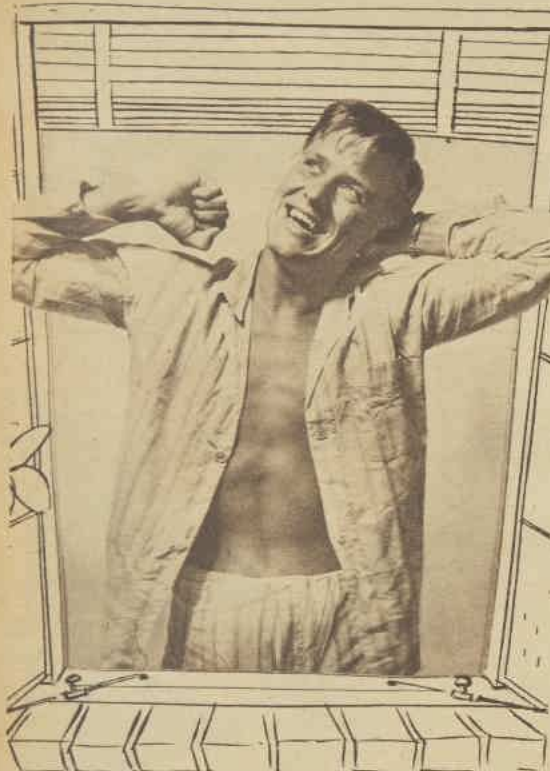
These are
Australian: **SNOW GUM**

*As winter approaches, the trunks of the Snow Gums (*Eucalyptus niphophila*) take on this characteristic glazed appearance. The trees are small, from 10 to 30ft., and belong to the Australian Alps. Picture taken at Smiggins Holes, Mt. Kosciusko, by Miss P. Walshe, of Sydney.*

TO WAKE FRESH AND FIT



It's
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what a difference
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The way you'll feel to-morrow depends on how you sleep to-night. Make Milo your regular "nightcap" and you'll find that you sleep restfully and wake up full of zest and good cheer. Delicious chocolate-flavoured Milo soothes the nerves; helps tired muscles to relax and—while you sleep—helps Nature to restore expended energy. That's because Milo is a nourishing blend of pure country milk, malted cereals, health minerals and energising vitamins. Drink and enjoy Milo . . . 'twill do you a world of good!

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NM10-57

Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

WHY do some mothers still say quite proudly: "Johnny's never been away from me"? I think they are being most unkind to Johnny. Each year pictures are published of tearful youngsters starting school and when my five-year-old started earlier this year I saw two or three of these apron-strung children demoralise half the class of 80 new ones by their tantrums. What an exhausting time for the teachers, and what a struggle for the Johnnies and Janes to get settled in. Even if mothers are unable to send their children to kindergarten as a stepping-stone to school, there are many ways, such as Sunday school or separate outings for mothers and children, in which the pampering bond can be broken.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. Pickersgill, 24 Jessop St., Greenborough, Vic.

I CANNOT understand why "city slickers" think young people from the country are hardly done by. They always exclaim: "Whatever do you do with all the time you must have on your hands? There is nothing to do and nowhere to go." I have so many fascinating hobbies and interests outside my job that I never have a spare moment. These time-spenders include playing the organ and piano, gardening, writing, reading, and making ornaments from shells. It might surprise city people to know that I feel sorry for many of them who cannot amuse themselves for a few hours alone and who have nothing but parties and dances to occupy their days of youth.

10/6 to "Happy Country Bumpkin" (name supplied), Huon, Tas.

CAN readers think of anyone more mean and despicable than a "cemetery thief"? Last week my daughter went to place flowers on her husband's grave and found that someone had taken away the pottery vase, leaving her without a container for flowers. Apparently this petty-thieving happens a lot, and causes much heartache.

10/6 to Mrs. A. Forst, 170 Harbour Rd., Osborne, S.A.

WHAT a good idea it would be if place names on all railway stations were in neon lights. It is very hard to know where you are when you're travelling at night on unfamiliar routes. There's nothing more frightening than the fear of being over-carried when you can't see the name-boards, and often there is no one else in the train compartment to ask for help. So what about it, Railways Commissioners?

10/6 to Mrs. Florence Moore, 1 Gray St., Granville, N.S.W.

IT is such a pity to hear many evergreen, old-time songs being "modernised" to rock-'n-roll, swing, and jazz music. While this type of music brings pleasure to many people, it should be kept in its place. Surely old favorites, such as Stephen Foster's songs, could be spared this unfortunate change in melody.

10/6 to Mrs. M. P. Foster, Box 104, Kondinin, W.A.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

YOU just can't win when you're a housewife. No matter how much trouble we wives go to in trying out new desserts, we don't seem to get any more compliments than if we dish up boiled rice or bread pudding. Usually my husband will say a dessert is "quite nice" or "not bad," but I think it's getting a little tough now when my almost-three-year-old daughter says: "It's not bad, Mum," after a particularly tasty dessert. I'm at the stage of thinking I might as well cook rice every night and save myself a lot of trouble.

10/6 to Mrs. L. J. Crossfield, 22 Sycamore St., Bell Park, Geelong North, Vic.

No deliveries

WHAT a treat to hear Mrs. Brice (10/7/57) praise her tradespeople. She is indeed lucky and makes it sound like old times. My experience is not as happy. I have to drag my own shopping home to ensure getting what I pay for and not being left without vital food, such as bread. I'm not so young, and this is hard work for me, but I just can't find reliable home-delivery tradespeople.

10/6 to "L.W.E." (name supplied), Strathmore, Vic.

Family affairs

MY five-year-old daughter recently started school and seemed to have a natural aversion for sandwiches. Regardless of how I varied the fillings, she always brought part of her lunch home. Faced with the prospect of finding alternative lunches for at least ten years, I hit on the idea of varying the sandwich shape rather than the fillings. I sometimes cut the two rounds into 16 one-inch squares, four fingers, or triangles. Then I pack them "cafeteria-style," standing up, or I cut off the crusts and roll the bread, as for asparagus rolls.

As a real treat, I cut different shapes with a biscuit-cutter. The little bread that is wasted with these fancy sandwiches I bake for breadcrumbs. The result of this little extra thought has worked wonders, and there are no more lunch returns.

£1/1/- to "Elizabeth's Mother" (name supplied), Coogee, N.S.W.

Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

MANY young couples spend their spare time planning a home beautiful.

Yet it is surprising how little attention they give to the broom cupboard.

Usually they put it in as an afterthought.

Often it is just a corner of the kitchen or hall, with a door stuck in front of it.

In the long run these short-sighted planners pay for their foolishness, as I have paid.

What they don't foresee is that the broom cupboard will be used for other things as well as brooms.

In ours, for example, you find floor polish, metal polish, boot polish and brushes, dusters, pliers, jars of screws, brown-paper carryalls, dust-pans, ammonia, and rubber boots.

Worst of all, there is the vacuum-cleaner.

Remember the old stunt in the moving pictures, where someone would open a cupboard and a body would fall out?

Something like that happens when you open our broom cupboard.

CUPBOARD HATE

I went there today for the boot-polishing things, to clean my youngest daughter's red shoes.

Little girls are mad about red shoes. They look nice, but it means



another tin of polish to go in the broom cupboard.

As I opened the door a straw broom fell out and hit me on the neck.

I pushed it back and knocked the long, snake-thing from the vacuum-cleaner off its peg. It came out and slid round my feet.

No corpse fell out of the cupboard, only because that is one of the few things that are not kept there.

I got the brush and cloth I wanted. But the red-polish tin had dropped off the shelf down among the dusters, carryalls, and rubber boots.

You can see why I don't like cleaning shoes.

I've taken to wearing suede shoes, because you don't have to polish them.

Some of my relatives say I'm a sissy, but I couldn't care less.

My dream home would be planned around the broom cupboard.

It would be a big walk-in cupboard, with room to sit down.

But I suppose it wouldn't last.

One day my wife would say: "Auntie May and the children are coming for Christmas. We'll have to make up a bed for Phyllis in the broom cupboard."

Next thing the broom cupboard would be the guest-room. We would have a new broom cupboard in a corner of the hall cupboard. And we'd be back where we started.

Pre-Spring Sewing Offer: 10 BLOUSES TO MAKE FROM A PATTERN; 2 TO BUY READY TO WEAR OR TO SEW

IN this special three-page feature is a wonderful pre-spring pattern offer, sponsoring that bright new star in fashion, the separate blouse. Four designs are shown here and eight overleaf. Patterns, and the two special blouses ready made or cut out ready to sew, may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They can also be ordered by mail. Address orders to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand and Tasmanian orders to the same address.



4559. — Classic shirt-blouse (above) to grace and brighten a separate skirt. Its long sleeves are neatly cuffed. We nominate this one, with its slick tailored lines, as the perfect design for the career girl. The material is blue-and-white striped cotton. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.



4561. — Suit blouse in rose-pink chiffon (above) has soft, easy lines, a pretty high-to-the-throat bow-tie neckline, and cuffed, below-elbow sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.



4560. — Sleeveless and front-buttoned, the blouse (left) has a special late-day and evening look. The material is aqua-blue chiffon—all pastels are new again for spring. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.

4562. — Long-sleeved blouse (right) has a tucked front section and casually knotted neckline. The material is white sheer cotton. Note the double cuffs. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.



PRE-SPRING
SEWING OFFER

BUY A PATTERN ... MAKE A BLOUSE

Ready made or ready to sew



"ELYSE." — Chic waistcoat made in sunforised poplin; the color choice includes white, hot-pink, lipstick, bolero-blue, ming-blue, coral, black, and red. Ready to wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 32/6, 36 and 38in. bust 34/9. Postage and registration 3/- extra. Cut out only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 16/11, 36 and 38in. bust 18/3. Postage and registration 3/- extra.



"NANCY." — Tailored short-sleeved blouse made in sunforised poplin; the color choice includes white, hot-pink, lipstick, bolero-blue, ming-blue, coral, black, and red. Ready to wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 33/9, 36 and 38in. bust 35/6. Postage and registration 3/- extra. Cut out only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 17/9, 36 and 38in. bust 19/11. Postage 3/- extra.

These eight important blouses were chosen to team with spring's chic new open-necked suits or to wear with a separate skirt. Patterns, and the two special blouses at left, may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Mail orders should be addressed to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney (New Zealand and Tasmanian orders to same address). Each pattern has an easy-to-follow instruction chart. Please state clearly, in block letters, name, address, number of pattern required, and size. If ordering the special blouses, mention the names "Elyse" and "Nancy."



4564. — Attention-getter (above), a shirt-blouse with the new look of soft fullness created by a front section of box pleats. The blouse is white chiffon and would be equally chic in any white sheer. Beads worn with a shirt-blouse is more spring news. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2 3/8th yards 36in. material. Price 3/-.



4567. — Nonchalant elegance is seen in the double-breasted blouse (above), finished with important revers and collar. The blouse is made in white linen and buttoned in black shilling-sized buttons. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2 7-8th yards 36in. material. Price 3/-.



4566. — Oriental-inspired blouse (above), perfectly tailored and finished with a tiny neckband in self material. The fabric is floral-striped cotton. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.

4568. — Silk splashed with roses looks new and pleasing for spring, and a material in this category is chosen for the blouse below. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2 1-8th yards 36in. material. Price 3/-.



4563. — Fresh news (above), an overblouse made in white chiffon. The design is front-buttoned and has back fullness eased into a self-material band and around collar. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2 3/4yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.



4565. — Airy diaphanous look (above) in a blouse to dress up a spring suit. The cut-away-from-the-neck collar is casually knotted. The sleeves are short. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2 1/2yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.

The most advanced wringer-washer in the world comes to Australia

Malleys brings you Whirlpool

FROM THE
U.S.A.

IT'S here now, for you to enjoy — the wringer-washer that out-performs them all! Bolt by bolt, screw by screw, Malleys has faithfully reproduced the same wonderful Whirlpool that is all-time favourite of United States and Canadian housewives.

There's the exclusive "Surgilator" . . . the amazing giant wringer . . . the revolutionary one-piece, wear-proof mechanism . . . the huge-capacity tub . . . all designed to give you the sweetest, freshest, cleanest wash with the absolute minimum of effort.



NEW! Exclusive giant wringer — safest and most efficient ever built! Take a good look — you've never seen a wringer like this before! See those beautiful, smooth-flowing lines . . . the giant rollers . . . the extra-large feed area. See ALL these extra, wonderful features:

Wide-view, open top design for easy visual control • Wringer swings out to 28 separate positions! Wherever you want it, over tubs or basket, the touch of a finger does it • Two release controls, one on each side, give maximum convenience and safety • Massive 2½" rollers squeeze much more water from clothes — quicker and more gently • Rollers automatically adjust to any thickness of fabric, anywhere along their length. Independent coil suspension at 4 points stabilises the rollers and equalises the pressure regardless of load • Huge feed area speeds the feeding of larger pieces. Blankets, curtains, overalls, go through in a flash.

Don't let this week pass without seeing the astonishing — and when we say astonishing we mean **ASTONISHING** — Malleys Whirlpool demonstration for yourself. Just ask at your nearest appliance store.

For 73 years, Malleys Limited have made ever-progressive washing appliances. From the simplest piece of washday equipment to the superb Malleys Automatic, they have given Australian housewives just one standard — the best.

Today, Malleys are proud to offer you the first *wringer-washer* in the world . . . to be chosen by the gigantic Whirlpool Corporation of the United States to produce, with Australian staff and Australian equipment, this magnificent machine.

Choose your washing time on clear-view control dial! Just set the dial at "Cottons", "Linen", "Woolens", etc., and your Malleys Whirlpool washes for exactly the right length of time. No guess work needed!

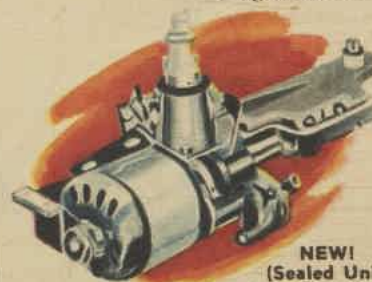


NEW! Washes giant, 10-lb. load — pounds more than any other wringer-washer! Big, 10-lb. capacity tub allows you to wash bigger loads. This means fewer loads, with saving of time, hot water and soap. Glass-smooth, one-piece porcelain-enamelled heavy gauge steel tub has concealed drain, is easier to clean, won't stain or rust.



NEW! With exclusive "SURGILATOR" you wash clothes cleaner, last longer! Firm yet gentle creates swirling currents of water from top to bottom. Surgiflow action — exclusive to Whirlpool — gets as they circulate, to loosen and remove every last drop of water. Clothes can't circulate thoroughly. Residue too much, some not enough.

Note the unique undulating design of Surgilator in the mighty Whirlpool Corporation laboratory. yet are kinder than standard vanes to your clothes, snag or tear the flimsiest garment in your wash.



NEW! (Sealed Unit) One-piece mechanism.

Revolutionary gear case with built-in pump, motor and clutch mechanism is all in one assembly for perfect alignment of working parts. Engineered to aircraft specifications, the mechanism has a fund of reserve power which prevents any possibility of strain. You can depend on it for a lifetime of efficient service!



Smooth-rolling casters — Malleys Whirlpool wheels easy-rolling casters. No wobbles, ever. Just plug all set for happy, efficient service!



own "live water"! The gentle movement of the massive Surgilator is bottled in all parts of the tub. This gentle lifts, flexes and plunges clothes, leaving no last of dirt. Efficient agitation, "dead" areas are a thing of the past. Reason of the clothes get washed. Surgilator, scientifically developed to create "live water" currents, so smooth, they won't tangle.

Roll your Mal-
ou want it on
installation wor-
— and you're
e washing.

Heats its own water! No hot water system needed with a Malleys Whirlpool. Foolproof, built-in heating element gives you any temperature you prefer, from warm to boiling. Magic-eye indicator safeguards your element under all conditions.

Easy terms available.
5 year warranty on mechanism.
12 months' free service by Malleys own experts.

Created by Whirlpool Corporation of the U.S.A. • Manufactured by Malleys of Australia

Malleys Whirlpool

£2000 IN CASH PRIZES just to PUT RINSO IN THE KITCHEN



WHICH IS THE PLACE FOR THE RINSO PACKET IN THIS SCENE?

READ THIS FIRST. It contains clues to help you find the right spot for the packet of Rinso. Simply put a cross in the position you have chosen in the picture, and fill in the coupon.

At the Browns' house, it looks as though the whole family is lending a hand to get through the washing-up. To-night they are all off to the pictures, so Mum and Dad are looking to Rinso to get the dishes done extra quickly. Those richer, softer suds soon whizz through the dishes, and, in next to no time, Mrs. Brown's hands are out of the hot washing-up water. Like 7 out of

every 10 Australian housewives, Mrs. Brown keeps her cupboards well stocked with Rinso, so there is always plenty within easy reach. Along with the vegetables, fruit, meat, and other household items, she always puts two packets of Rinso on her weekly shopping list. She knows there's nothing like those richer, softer Rinso suds in the kitchen or in the laundry... and they keep her hands soft and pretty, too.

RULES FOR CONTESTANTS

1. Mark the picture with a cross in the position you have chosen for the Rinso packet.
2. Complete the sentence shown in the entry form. Remember, entries will be judged on neatness, originality and aptness of thought.
3. Send in as many entries as you like. Each entry must be accompanied by the opening flap marked "Press tab here" from a Mighty or Economy Size Rinso packet.* Should you wish to mark more than one position for the Rinso packet include a
4. The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.
5. Contest closes Friday, 4th September, and entries must be received by midnight of this date. A complete list of prize-winners will be published in this magazine, issue dated 25th September.

*Rinso opening flaps are not required from residents of any State where the inclusion of such would contravene the law of that State.

With Rinso to speed-up dishwashing,
your hands are out of hot water much sooner.

ENTER NOW!

101 CASH PRIZES

1st PRIZE OF £1000 CASH

100 PRIZES OF £10 CASH

Mark with a cross the position you have chosen for the Rinso packet in the picture. Then complete the sentence below in no more than 10 extra words. (This will only be taken into account in the judging if more than one person succeeds in placing the packet in the correct position.)

**"We always keep Rinso in our
kitchen because**

(USE BLOCK LETTERS ONLY)

Name _____

Address _____

State _____

Storekeeper's Name _____

Address _____

State _____

Cut out entry form and picture along the dotted line and
send to Rinso Contest, in your own State:

SYDNEY: Box 7060, G.P.O. ADELAIDE: Box 11236, G.P.O.
BRISBANE: Box 5324, G.P.O. MELBOURNE: Box 4404, G.P.O.
NORTH FREMANTLE: Box 41, P.O.

WW31/7

Z.433 WWFPG

IMMIGRATION

Authorities tell us that the first big movement of Spaniards to Australia will start before the end of this year; 500 will go to the northern canefields.

Knowing this we were interested to receive a letter with indecipherable signatures. The letter is headed: "Rafael Martinez Sinisterra, Talle res Obras Puerto, Valencia, Espana." We quote:

"We are three spaniards, very fond to this beautiful magazine. Here in Spain we are very isolated and without. We hope you will help us and we will thank you and pay in the best form. The three need an employ, whatever you like, although our skill are mechanical adjuster, electrician and hydraulic worker."

"We know 'Women's Weekly' is not an office of employs so we supplicate pardon, we have not another address. We are from 24 to 29 years old, unmarried and without compromise."

"If you cannot do anything we pray you send us a newspaper of advertisement and we pay its cost. Our greatfulness..."

No laughter in court

A STORY has been going round legal circles which junior members swear is true.

It concerns an Australian psychiatrist called before the court to give his opinion of the mental state of the accused. "Insane," he said.

The judge, a choleric old gentleman reputed to be eccentric, thought otherwise, resulting in a heated exchange:

Mr. Justice X: "Nonsense! This man is no more insane than I am."

Dr. Y: "Your Honor, I quite agree!"

Worth Reporting

FROM America we hear of the rural gasoline station which sports the sign: "Buzz twice for night service; then keep your shirt on while I get my pants on."

Three times round Australia

MR. BASIL BUTTERY, of Melbourne, who is in charge of the survey for the Mobilgas car rally to be held next month, has been round Australia three times in the past year, travelling more than 33,000 miles and meeting all sorts of interesting people.

One of the places he visited was Top Springs, at the junction of the Dry River Road—180 miles to Katherine—and the Marranji stock route.

Top Springs consists of a store run by a city couple, Mr. and Mrs. Cid Hawks, who used to have a clothing factory in Brisbane.

In Onslow, on the Western Australian coast, Mr. Buttery met a shearing contractor whose 19-year-old son has just bought "Duck Creek," a property of two million acres.

Some 30 miles away, in the market gardens of Carnarvon, five acres is considered big.

For many years a whaling station, Carnarvon is now the centre of the West's "Gold Coast" winter resort.

Derby, a stopover for the rally, has one of the best basketball courts in Australia, says Mr. Buttery.

Among the enthusiastic local women players is Mrs. May Smith, who last year handled meals for rally drivers at Fitzroy Crossing. This year she will be at Derby, and the menu will include soup, eggs, fish, steak, and curry.



A FRENCH joke found its way to the office recently: Three nights running Adam came home late. He woke up in the early hours to find Eve counting his ribs.

An art prize with memories

YOUTHFUL memories were revived for well-known Australian artist Hans Heysen when he was recently awarded second prize in the first Maude Vizard-Wholohan Art Contest, held in Adelaide.

It was at the home of the late Mr. and Mrs. Wholohan, in the schoolhouse at Marryatville, S.A., that Mr. Heysen first met his wife at the turn of the century.

Mr. Heysen recalled that Mrs. Wholohan, who bequeathed £10,000 to the Royal S.A. Society of Arts when she died in 1951, had always been interested in art. "She attended the School of Art in its early days and was always good to young students," he said.

First prize went to South Australian Louis James, now living in London, and third prize to Murray Griffin, of Victoria, a Japanese P.O.W. during World War II.

Monkeys and the bridge

THE Harbor Bridge and the monkeys in Taronga Park Zoo were the two most fascinating aspects of Sydney according to three Pacific Island girls who paid a brief visit to Sydney on their way to Noumea for an eight weeks' health-education course at the South Pacific Commission.

The girls—Mary Natu (19), Cecilia Tabua (22), and Hilda Naime (25)—also visited St. Margaret's Hospital, where Hilda renewed acquaintance with one of the sisters who supervised some of her training in New Guinea.

Both Hilda and Mary are assistant trainee nurses and Cecilia is an assistant teacher. They all work in Port Moresby.

Forty trainees from all parts of the Pacific are attending the course in Noumea. It is the second of a series arranged by the Commission for training Pacific Islanders in practical ways of helping their own people.

Only two of the people attending the course are not from the Pacific Islands. They are Mr. Phillip Roberts, an aboriginal medical assistant from the Northern Territory, and Mr. Sengendo Bagenda, a medical assistant from Uganda, who is studying health education in Manila under a World Health Organisation fellowship.

WAITING for his teenage sister to finish her beauty preparations, a 10-year-old repeated some advice heard from an older (and disillusioned) source: "Stop prunning yourself. You look good enough!"

Pistol clue to murder

● Mrs. Arthur Sears, 25 Moore St., Colac, Vic., wins this week's first prize of £20.

BEFORE going overseas with the First A.I.F. my husband was given a Webley Scott automatic pistol engraved with his name, home town, (Colac), and State (Victoria).

He retained this until late 1918, when it was lost together with his kit during evacuation to a field hospital at Cambrai, France. Thirty years later, in 1948, the sergeant of police at Colac questioned him about the ownership of an unregistered pistol and produced a photograph of the one lost in France.

Later it was discovered that the pistol had been used in a Queensland murder, for which a man was arrested.

A prize of £5 was awarded for:

Foggy footsteps

AS a student in London I shared a basement flat with another student and her mother.

Like the other rooms, mine opened into a small corridor connecting with a space under the stairway, where a door opened on to a tradesmen's lane between the house and a high, solid wall.

During a Christmas vacation my friends went abroad, warning me not to open this side door to anyone until I had first opened the window upstairs and investigated the caller's identity.

Late one evening, drugged

STRANGE but TRUE

into forgetfulness with symphonic music and a big fire, I heard the side buzzer and mechanically opened the door. In the gloom of a thick fog stood a tall, heavily coated figure.

"Wanter buy some tea?" he said. Scared, I refused, but a heavy boot was shoved forward to prevent my quick attempt to shut the door. I called urgently, "Daddy! Daddy! Come down quickly."

Immediately there was the sound of solid footsteps descending. The boot was withdrawn and I pushed the door to and bolted it.

My father was my best friend and had always been a source of inspiration for me, but when this occurred he had been dead for more than two years.

MRS. C. S. PRIEST, 95 Derwent Ave., Lindisfarne, Tas.

HOW TO ENTER

● Write your "Strange but True" experience clearly and in not more than 250 words. The story must be true and must not have been published previously. It can be amusing, sad, dramatic, or romantic.

Send your entries, giving clearly name and address, INCLUDING STATE, to "Strange but True," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney. No entries can be returned or any correspondence entered into.



Keep your skin healthy with **HERCO**

The lanolin and olive oil in Herco feed health deep into the skin's under-tissue!

Summer sun and winter winds rob your skin of its natural oils and moistures. Soon the skin begins to age, paving the way for dryness and blemishes. Herco's active olive oil and lanolin emulsion feeds the health back to the skin's under-tissues, making it young again, making it healthy again, laying the foundation for beauty.

HERCO PRESERVES THE SKIN'S NATURAL COATING

Nature provides everyone's skin with a protective coating. Destroy this protective coating and infection can result. Herco Olivol Skin Lotion is a NEUTRAL emulsion, which feeds the skin without destroying this natural protection.

HERCO
OLIVOL SKIN LOTION

PH7—THE SECRET OF HERCO

Alkalinity is over pH7 and acidity is under pH7. Both can cause harm to the skin by interfering with the natural protective coating. Herco is guaranteed pH7 which means that it is neutral and this condition of the lotion is supervised and checked by qualified chemists.



TUBE 4/- 3 oz. BOTTLE 3/6
1 1/2 oz. BOTTLE 2/6 6 oz. BOTTLE 5/6

Use it from the top of your head to the tips of your toes!

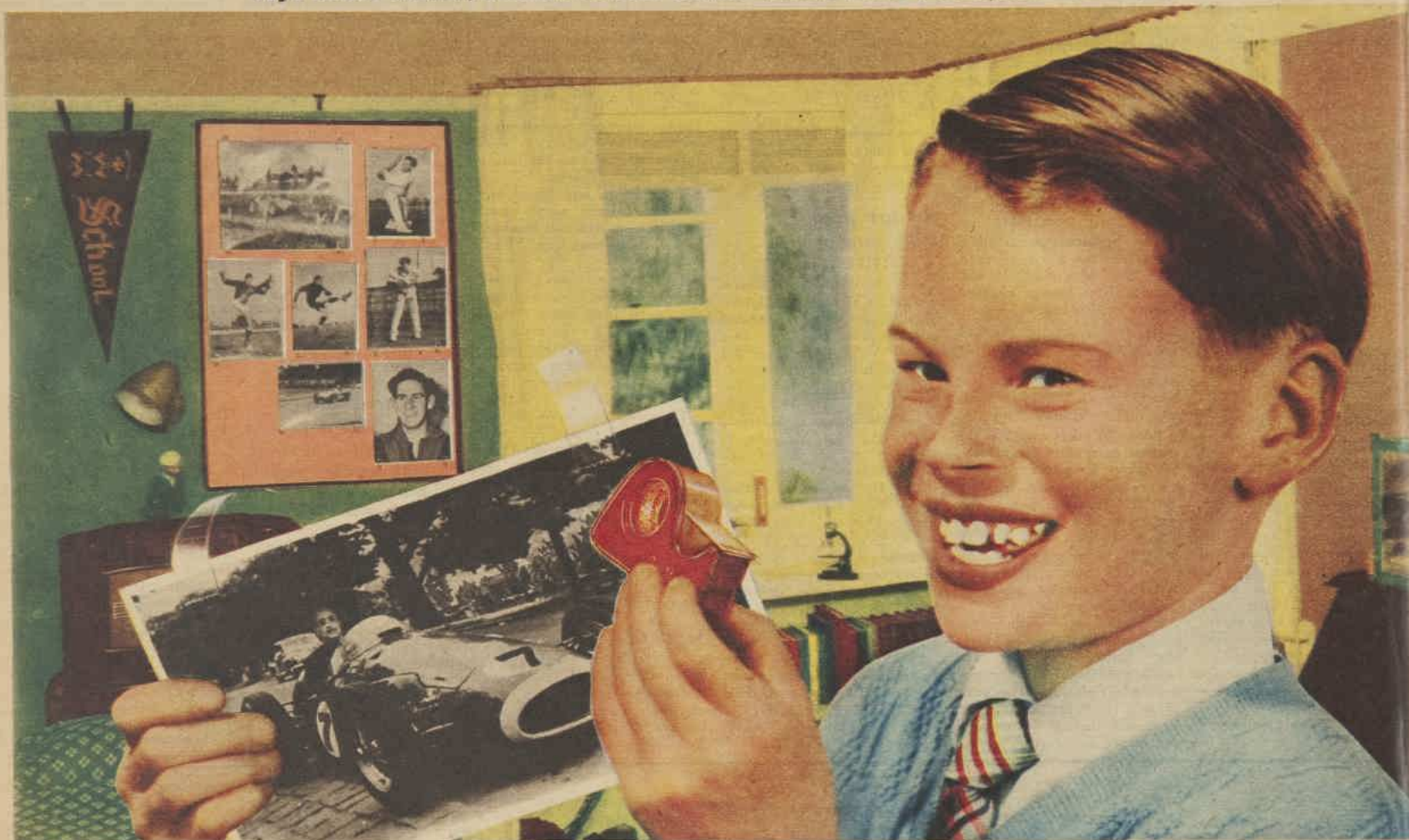
ANOTHER 'SELLOTAPE'
CASE HISTORY

— why it's the brand people are insisting on

Sellotape really stays stuck"

REGD. TRADE MARK

says Bruce Archer, Juvenile co-star of the London Films Production "Smiley"



Just look at all the
'Sellotape' brand tapes
in my school kit . . .

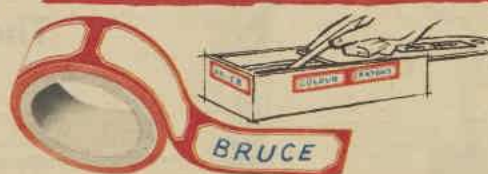
Bruce Archer uses handy 'Sellotape' hundreds of ways, and this is just one of them: fixing snapshots to the display board on his bedroom wall. Youngsters of all shapes and sizes go for 'Sellotape'. It's extra-useful at school, and at home, too. 'Sellotape' is stronger, and for home use it comes in the proven $\frac{5}{8}$ " width. It sticks and stays stuck. Tomorrow, get 'Sellotape' for your work-kit. You'll agree with Bruce Archer that it's the handiest tape of them all!



Mend leaky pens, plastic raincoats too, with waterproof 'Sellotape' VINYL. 5-yd. rolls, $\frac{3}{4}$ " width, only 1/6. Also 72-yd. rolls, for trade use.



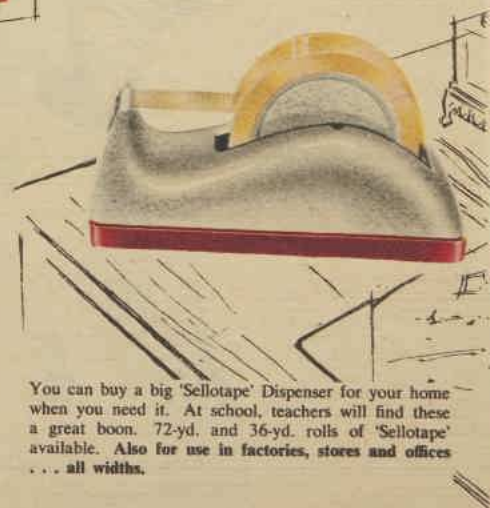
Bind bike handlebars, strengthen book covers with 'Sellotape' CLOTH TAPE. Comes in gay colours, 5-yd. rolls, $\frac{3}{4}$ " width, 1/9. 50-yd. rolls for trade use, all widths.



Label pencil case, books too, with 'Sellotape' WRITE-ON TAPE. Write in pen or pencil — it won't rub off!



'Sellotape' Home Utility Dispensers come, with tape, in bright colours, for only 1/6. You can buy Refills, too: a 3-yd. roll for 9d., and 8½-yd. roll for only 1/9.



You can buy a big 'Sellotape' Dispenser for your home when you need it. At school, teachers will find these a great boon. 72-yd. and 36-yd. rolls of 'Sellotape' available. Also for use in factories, stores and offices . . . all widths.

INSIST ON 'SELLOTAPE'!

DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

● The one-piece dress illustrated here answers a query from a reader who asks for a basic pattern for 36in. and 54in. fabric.

HERE is the letter and my reply:

"I am looking for a basic pattern I can use for both a 54in. and 36in. material. I want the dress to button down the front, and a design that can be made with a white collar and matching cuffs or without any contrast. Could I obtain a pattern in size 34in. bust?"

The answer to your problem is illustrated at right—a basically simple design for a one-piece dress that will look equally smart in wool, cotton,

or silk. The pattern, available in sizes 32 to 38in. bust, includes a design with collar and cuffs and one without. Under the illustration are details and how to order.

"FOR a short evening frock in chiffon I am having the bodice finished with velvet ribbon shoulder-straps and the same velvet for a belt and bow. Please suggest colors for both material and ribbon to suit a dark-haired girl."

My suggestion is peony-pink for the chiffon and garnet for the velvet ribbon. An

alternative color scheme is white for the chiffon and turquoise for the ribbon.

"MINE is a renovation query. I have a waisted suit I want to wear in spring, but now I see in the newspapers that suits have unfitted jackets. How could I alter the jacket?"

I advise you to leave it as it is; some spring suits are still made with waisted jackets. But I do suggest that you wear the suit with a soft blouse in white or pastel chiffon. The blouse will

help to give the suit a fresh, spring-like appearance. There is hardly a spring suit without its own blouse.

"COULD I wear a pink faille hat with a black jersey late-day frock?"

A pink faille turban would look more appropriate than a hat with a black jersey dress for late-day wear. The turban will look newest worn back to show the hairline or tilted over one eyebrow.

"WOULD grey jersey be suitable to make into a spring suit?"

Yes, it would, and it will look very new and spring-like. Have the jacket waist-length and bloused over a slender skirt, and have it opening on to a soft white chiffon blouse finished with a bow.

"I INTEND making a skirt and long coat in black-and-brown herringbone tweed and would like your advice, also a suggestion for a blouse. I am in my early forties."

I suggest a seven-eighths coat, straight-cut, single-breasted, and with notched lapels. Have the skirt slim, with a kick pleat at the centre-back. With the ensemble wear a belted over-b blouse in brown wool jersey and all-brown accessories, including the hat.

Beauty in brief: WAISTLINE WHITTLED

By CAROLYN EARLE

PEOPLE interested enough to exercise for a sylph-like figure may like to sample two new movements called "Kicking at the Moon" and "Spread Eagle."

The first of these exercises is the basis for a fine flat midriff.

You do this by lying flat on a bare mattress with arms down at the sides, the right leg straight and the left knee flexed.

Now, slowly raise your head and shoulders, pressing the lower back to the bed. Hold for a few seconds, then lift the right leg and thigh up as high as possible, keeping the knee straight.

Count slowly to 10 as you lower the leg to its original horizontal position. Alternate with the right knee flexed and the left leg straight.

"Spread Eagle," which is designed to make the waist slimmer and the muscles "tonier," is just about what the name suggests.

Sit straight on a small, backless stool, the feet planted firmly, arms outstretched at the sides, and chin held high.

Twist the whole upper body alternately right and left, trying to keep the hips firmly lashed to the stool. Repeat often, holding the outstretched arms consistently at shoulder level.



DS255.—One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material or 2½yds. 54in. material, plus ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/-. Patterns are available from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Their soft, smooth skin can be yours with *Pears*



Smooth, fine skin with baby-clear freshness — that's a Pears complexion. Pears, famous as a skin care, is entirely different from any other soap.

Why Pears is so pure

Each tablet is matured for a full 14 weeks, to ensure perfect blending of its fine oils, to make it wonderfully mild, completely pure. That's why regular Pears care makes your skin finer, smoother, clearer. Why not give yourself the luxury of this high quality soap for the bath, too!

Economical! Lasts longer — no waste!

Pears lasts longer because it's thoroughly matured, contains no moisture, never goes soggy. Even the last little fragment can be used — it fits neatly into the hollow of a new cake and becomes part of it.

Wonderful new Sunilk Shampoo is another product of the famous House of Pears. Have you tried it yet?

Pears... so pure you can see right through it



RACIAL DRAMA IN CARIBBEAN



● "Island in the Sun," romantic drama of conflicting passions in the Caribbean, is tailor-made as a vehicle for the talents of those two exciting stars Dorothy Dandridge and Harry Belafonte.

As the ambitious, persuasive native leader, Belafonte sings two of his own compositions. One is the title ballad and the other a strict calypso, "Lead Man Holler."

Sultry Dorothy performs the sensuous Limbo, a British West Indian dance never before put on film.

With its controversial black man-white woman theme, the film, taken from Alec Waugh's best-selling novel, surmounted American censorship trouble to receive excellent Press notices after its New York opening.

FILM FAN-FARE

ROMANTIC film relationship of Maris Norman (Joan Fontaine), a member of the island's white aristocracy, and Belafonte, as David Boyeur, trade-union boss and political firebrand, caused protests in America. The subject of the film made it a gamble for the makers from the start.



ABOVE: John Justin plays the role of Denis Archer, the Governor's aide-de-camp, who falls in love with colored girl Dorothy Dandridge.

RIGHT: Scene from "Island in the Sun," which brings Dorothy and Belafonte together again for the first time since their "Carmen Jones."





CARIBBEAN carnival atmosphere, with all its vivid color and decorative costuming, is captured here as Dorothy Dandridge performs the West Indies native dance, the Limbo. Hordes of islanders who applied for crowd work in this scene had to be turned away. The film is the first independent production of Darryl F. Zanuck.



GARDEN-PARTY scene at Government House on the imaginary British-governed island of Santa Marta in the *West Indies* shows Joan Fontaine, Harry Belafonte, Patricia Owens, James Mason, and Michael Rennie. Others in the distinguished mixed American and British cast not shown here are Joan Collins and Stephen Boyd.

Suddenly she was asleep again!



... thanks to this modern remedy!

**RELIEVES COUGHS
TWICE AS FAST!**

AMERICAN DOCTORS REPORT: New Vicks Cough Syrup relieves coughs up to 2 times faster than five leading cough mixtures tested!

When your child has a miserable night cough, just give her a sip or two of modern, pleasant-tasting Vicks Cetamium Cough Syrup. There's nothing like it to ease a cough fast, let your "patient" get a good night's sleep!

Immediate relief! Thanks to a new, penetrating ingredient, Cetamium, Vicks Cough Syrup brings instant relief! In the throat, it penetrates—spreads deep into cough-torn tissues to relieve irritations ordinary remedies miss!

Warms, stimulates deep in the chest! Your child feels a glowing warmth deep in her chest as Vicks Cough Syrup breaks up congestion. What wonderful comfort!

Clinical tests show this "deep action" in throat and chest relieves coughs twice as fast as ordinary remedies. Try Vicks Cough Syrup. It's "Best for all the family!"

CETAMIUM IS THE SECRET!



Ordinary remedies just flow over tiny infected throat crevices.



But with Cetamium, Vicks medications penetrate into these germ pockets!



for
**HEALTHY
ATTRACTIVE SKIN**
Cuticura
MEDICATED & TOILET
SOAP • OINTMENT • TALCUM
REFRESHING • SOOTHING • COOLING
PROTECTIVE • FRAGRANT

WINTER IS THE TIME FOR . . .
... **KNITTING.** And what you need is *The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book*, with 43 designs for men's, women's, and children's wear, all complete with instructions. Price 2/- at all newsagents.



1 FINDING Maria de Crevecoeur (Dietrich) playing for high stakes at Monte Carlo, Count della Fiaba (De Sica, at back) sees her as the wealthy widow he is busy searching for.



2 HOTEL HEAD-WAITER Mischa Auer assists in exchange of notes during dinner, which charms Maria to be charmed by the gracious Count. He invites her to his yacht, his only remaining possession.



3 HAVING ACCEPTED the Count's proposal of marriage, Maria admits that she has no money, and has been looking for a wealthy husband. When the Count confesses that he is penniless, too, the pair agree that marriage is now impossible.



4 ACCIDENTALLY, wealthy Hinkley (Arthur O'Connell) and his daughter Jane (Natalie Trundy) ram the Count's boat.

The Monte Carlo Story



5 FASCINATED by Maria, whom he gets to know after the collision, Hinkley wants her to marry him even after she tells him that she is an adventuress and that her title is worthless.

★ When a charming Italian nobleman, urged by his creditors to solve his problems by marrying a wealthy widow, finds a glamorous unattached marquise at Monte Carlo gambling for high stakes, it might seem that his troubles are over.

But when the marquise is in an equally penniless state, and is herself looking for a wealthy husband, the situation is likely to hold some surprises.

The resulting complications are the theme of United Artists' new romantic comedy "The Monte Carlo Story."

Those experienced charmers Marlene Dietrich and Vittorio De Sica star in this color widescreen film.



6 INTRIGUED by the Count, and hoping to console him for losing Maria, Jane suggests that he and she should be married.



7 DECLINING Jane's proposal, the Count electrifies Monte Carlo by trying a new system, and winning. Paying his debts, he goes to his yacht, a lonely figure. About to sail with Hinkley, Maria changes her mind, and she and the Count return to Monte Carlo.

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard

For week beginning July 29

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, red. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in true love.	★ This is a lucky moment in your career. You may be able to change to more congenial work, or you may enter into a lasting association. It's a crossroads.	★ If there are young people in your home this should be a gay, noisy one. You may prepare party foods or bake cakes perhaps for a club spread or charity.	★ Love blooms unexpectedly. You may feel deep sympathy for your best beloved, taken at a social disadvantage. Also you may discover that red hair has charm.	★ Even the middle-aged should feel kittenish under these influences. Folks who have not danced for years will step out, while younger subjects find life one big thrill.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, black. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in the family circle.	★ The end of one particular piece of work may be hailed with joy. You are ready for a fresh start. Survey the possibilities without haste. A better opportunity arises.	★ The family may find entertainment at home. They may sit around the fire, read, or listen to records or radio, with supper, a welcome climax to a happy evening.	★ Should you and your beloved be invited to the home of new friends, you may think of planning your future home. Interest in domestic affairs is a signpost to marriage.	★ The climax of a series of parties may be reached because the guest of honor has gone away, people you have seen recently are back to routine, leaving a small vacuum.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21 ★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in inside information.	★ If you have an eye on a more worthwhile niche, you might wisely spend a part of your leisure in improving your qualifications. An evening class might be profitable.	★ Activity at home, such as study, knitting, or needlework, may result in a number of dashing additions to the home landscape. Whatever you are doing, make it bright.	★ You may be obliged to pass inspection by your beloved's maiden aunt. Just be sweet and natural. Youth will excuse any so-called errors you are likely to commit.	★ Travelling may be required, for most of your social appointments may be scattered over a considerable area. Note carefully times and places, and be punctual.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in a shop window.	★ You'll stretch a pound as if it were made of elastic and perform marvels in economy because you have an important goal in view. You're off to a flying start.	★ Those who set a really big task for the winter find the work nearing completion, and put in a final run so that all may admire the skill which has been employed.	★ Window-shopping, the choice of a glory box, the buying of goods for your future home can all happy hours with dreams of a lifelong partnership.	★ Raising funds for a worthy cause can become a full-time task for a few days. If your group is planning a big effort, many committee meetings will be involved.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck with intuition.	★ You can handle any situation that presents itself if you remember to make a request rather than give an order. Allow a liberal amount of credit for success to helpers.	★ Try your hand at making clothes for yourself. Don't be too ambitious, if a beginner, and do follow instructions exactly. A smart new accessory might lift the wardrobe.	★ Love steals into your heart, and suddenly you discover that a perfectly ordinary lad has become the sun, moon, and stars. Life takes on a new meaning.	★ This is an excellent time to return hospitality and enjoy your own parties. As a hostess you are at your magnetic best, providing a touch of originality.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. Luck in watchful waiting.	★ This may be a quiet week, but you are building up goodwill, and are quietly growing more efficient. A sudden chance to exhibit your talents is not far away.	★ You may sacrifice pleasures in order to help one you love, and glory in it. If looking after someone who is sick, or visiting a shut-in, you'll do your bit.	★ Some spoil happiness by being so critical that few members of the opposite sex are prepared to live up to their ideal. That imaginary paragon would be dull.	★ Some organize a special, limited effort for helping those who are often neglected. Your own applause may be their appreciation. Otherwise a quiet week.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 23 - OCTOBER 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in sporting competitions.	★ Any work which brings you in contact with people is well aspected. The quiet little corner is not for you at present. So pay close attention to appearance.	★ You may offer your home for a meeting, arrange a social function to reconcile conflicting members of a group, or hold a working-bee for charity. It is successful.	★ Don't go off in a twosome. Stick with the crowd until you are better acquainted. If friends like your beloved and the family approve, the chances are he is fine.	★ Those interested in sports, either as players or spectators, may drop everything else for the moment in order to participate in exciting moments. Otherwise, club work counts.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 23 - NOVEMBER 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in meeting the right people.	★ Events concerned with work may be important because you have reached a turning point. If happy where you are, you may satisfy an ambition.	★ If your home is on parade more than usual, plan ahead so that unlooked-for visitors will not upset the domestic routine. It might be wise to "look ahead."	★ The one who matters most in all the world to you may be promoted to a position of great responsibility with financial advantages. You can help him celebrate.	★ A social group which seemed a closed corporation might make overtures to you to join them, or you may be elected to a club. Some of you hostess a function.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, brown. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck through the printed word.	★ Long-term planning is not easy for the young. A job may be pleasant but lead nowhere, or unforeseen circumstances may arise. Weigh the credits and debits.	★ It may sound odd, but some are considering buying a block at the beach, or building a holiday cottage on your block. Winter fun can lie in planning.	★ Expeditions into the country lie ahead. School holidays are near. You and the boy-friend should plan well in advance what friends are to be asked and where you will go.	★ Alibis won't go down this time. You'll have to produce tangible results of your activities, and action rather than talk will be the chief ingredient.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 23 - JANUARY 19 ★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, black. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in a little windfall.	★ You like being sure of your ground, and are quite prepared to make sacrifices if they lead to solid achievement. Right now they do, so keep going.	★ Your home may benefit from a savings campaign. If stowing away £s.d. was grim, spending it will be joy. Consult the family as to preferences, style, color, etc.	★ Storm clouds are gathering for some. The truth is they may have been developing for some time. What you do about this depends on how much you love each other.	★ Social life may be limited to informal meetings with friends or neighbors. You are gathering energy for an outburst of new activities in about three weeks' time.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19 ★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck with the opposite sex.	★ If the working atmosphere is bright, if associates are cheerful, you accomplish wonders, but when the set-up is gloomy you lose heart. You should be fortunate.	★ The homemaker and friend husband make decisions which please everybody. If Dad offers the folks a treat, join in with enthusiasm.	★ If you set out to flirt with another or make your beloved jealous, this could misfire and turn you both into unhappy people. Such diversions are most unwise.	★ A good deal of coming and going adds up to contacts with people of varied interests, but none which matters much to you. They are chiefly ships that pass in the night.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, red. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in a job well done.	★ You and work are good friends this week. You'll have no time to ponder over personal problems, or brood over the past. You'll be right at the head of the parade.	★ You make up your mind and plunge in. All this amounts to a minor revolution which the household may first view with alarm and later embrace with gratitude.	★ If asked to help your beloved with a tough job, pitch in. Don't sulk if he has to study and can't take you out. This is a passing phase and calls for understanding.	★ At high tension you can use up more nervous energy than is good for you. Take it easy, don't worry over trifles, have a few early nights.

to old 'ands. 'Ow'd you get in anyway?"

"I only happen to be—"

Perdita and the young man began simultaneously.

Perdita glowered at Severn and finished firmly, "the owner."

"Well, make up your mind somewhere else who owns this dump," said the man tartly. "It ain't safe, I'm telling you."

Perdita suddenly darted to the wall. "Look!" she cried excitedly. "This proves it. My name written here, when I was seven. I measured myself and wrote my name and age and height behind the dressing-table, where no one would see. But my grandmother found it and was very cross."

"What did she say?" Severn asked swiftly.

"That I mustn't write on the walls of—"

"Yes?"

"Other people's houses," Perdita finished lamely. "But that meant her house," she added, regaining her assurance. "And there is the evidence, as you see," she finished triumphantly.

Severn studied the blurred childish writing. It seemed to be indisputable proof of her story. It meant that this, and no other house in London, had been the one in which she lived. Even Severn seemed baffled now.

He said, "For a seven-year-old I must say your writing was not advanced. And you were pretty small for your age."

"You two, get down from there!" yelled the stentorian voice from below.

Severn indicated the perilous stairs to Perdita and waited for her to precede him as cautiously as if the four walls were standing about them and their several grandparents were watching from below.

"If it comes to that, you aren't particularly overgrown now," he commented. "Per-

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haps a milk shake or hot chocolate would do you good. Or even a glass of beer. Shall we go somewhere where we can discuss this very peculiar situation?"

"There's nothing to discuss," Perdita said coldly, picking her way through the rubble to the street. "I shall go and see my solicitor instantly. I'm very much afraid you will have to accept a writ, Mr. Field."

"If your solicitor works on Saturday afternoon," Severn said, "it is more than my bank manager does. Otherwise I'd take you along to look at the title deed. Now I'm afraid we'll have to postpone it until Monday morning. Unless you know your solicitor's private address."

"I don't," Perdita admitted in dismay. Suddenly the weekend seemed endless. Must she, for forty-eight hours, dwell on this terrible thing? Her house willfully destroyed. The knowledge was just beginning to sink deeply into her consciousness, and she felt cold and sick with a sense of loss.

It was as if her childhood had suddenly been taken from her, as if she were told that all her precious memories were no more than dreams. In a moment she knew that she would cry. And this young man, who was the cause of it all, would look at her with amused quizzical eyes and tell her that she couldn't shed tears for something that she had never had.

"That drink," His voice prodded her gently.

She shook her head. "No, thank you. I don't want anything. I'll just go home."

"May I take you?"

"I'd prefer to go alone."

"But I must know where to get in touch with you just in

case I have been pulling down someone else's property."

Perdita gave a slightly hysterical laugh.

"What have you done with the Batters? That is what I must find out."

"I can't tell you what I discover about them unless I have your address."

Perdita had to admit the logic of that. "It's 12 Ennismore Street," she said. "And where may I tell my solicitor he may serve a writ on you?"

"At Claridges. Although receiving writs there strictly isn't done."

"You should have thought of that before you began stealing other people's property," Perdita retorted, and turned on her heel.

Perdita had only arrived in London the previous day, and now, all at once, her high excitement left her and she felt flat, deflated, lonely, and very homeless indeed.

Even had the house been there, intact and habitable (after all, she could not blame Severn Field for the flying bomb), would she have felt very much happier? She could not possibly have afforded to live in a large house in such an expensive part of London.

But she could have had the two attic rooms that Nanny used to have. Surely the Batters would not have minded her being there. Then she could have found a job, and deeply and satisfyingly her roots would have begun to grow . . .

Now there was nothing. Except the rather cold and dreary room she had taken temporarily from a friendly and garrulous lady who had the unlikely name of Mrs. Mulligatawny.

Indeed, Mrs. Mulligatawny was waiting inquisitively for her return, and waylaid Perdita on her way to her room. "I trust you found your property in good order, Miss Manning."

"It wasn't in order at all," Perdita answered briefly. "The tenants are missing."

Mrs. Mulligatawny gave a gasp of pleasurable horror.

"Absconded! And owing you how much rent, if I may make so bold to ask?"

"I don't really know until I see my solicitor on Monday. There seems to have been something very mysterious going on."

"Never mind," said Mrs. Mulligatawny in a motherly way. "Things will come clear then."

But how could things come clear, with the house a skeleton, and a young man with white plaster dust like frost in his hair prowling about with a complete air of ownership? Perdita, thoroughly tired, lay on her bed and sought escape from her perplexity and her sudden intense loneliness in sleep.

It seemed not five minutes later that there was a heavy knocking on her door, and Mrs. Mulligatawny's agitated voice calling, "Miss Manning, Miss Manning, a coffin has come!"

Perdita shot up, wondering what tricks her ears were playing on her.

"A what? I thought you said a coffin."

The door opened and Mrs. Mulligatawny's awed round face appeared.

"I did say a coffin. It's here, outside your door, where the man said it was to be put."

Perdita's hand flew to her mouth.

"Mr. Batter!"

"I beg your pardon, miss?"

Perdita scrambled off the bed and hurried to the door. Surely enough, there was a long, ominous case standing on its end at the top of the stairs. It was labelled very clearly, "Miss Perdita Manning. To be delivered immediately."

Absurdly, Perdita found herself trembling. She touched the wood distastefully with a nervous fingertip. When the nails were pulled out would Mr. Batter, a neat, small man, nicely embalmed, fall out? Probably clutching his rent money . . .

Perdita gave a small, hysterical giggle, and resolutely pulled herself together.

"It must be a gift," she said calmly. "We must open it."

Mrs. Mulligatawny shuddered. "If only the late Mr. Mulligatawny were here. He was a handy one with tools." Then she gave a loud scream. For from within the case there came a slow, deep, deliberate booming. One, two, three, four, five . . .

"It's a grandfather clock," said Perdita, and all at once the day seemed a little brighter, a little more cozy. It was the memory of nursery teas, she supposed, and toiling upstairs to bed behind Nanny as the friendly clock on the stairs struck the hour. "Have you got something we could get these nails out with?"

"Lor!" exclaimed Mrs. Mulligatawny. "Who would give you a present like this?"

"Someone with a guilty conscience," said Perdita dryly.

And she was right, of course. The note tucked inside the face of the clock read: "Will this soil be acceptable to at least one of your fastidious roots? At least the friendly old fellow may while away the long night for you, though I can imagine other ways of whiling

away nights. Will you please allow me to demonstrate one of them by having dinner with me? You will find Claridges in the telephone book."

"Lor!" said Mrs. Mulligatawny again, after shamelessly reading the note over Perdita's shoulder. "What do you say to that?"

"No," said Perdita.

"Shall I ring and tell them the lady says no?"

"Please do."

"And what about this clock?"

"Well—perhaps it could stay here, do you think?"

Mrs. Mulligatawny was disapproving.

Perdita hesitated, acknowledging Mrs. Mulligatawny's logic.

Then the slow, friendly tick-tock of the clock penetrated her consciousness, and she said firmly, "The clock will stay."

Since she had slept during the afternoon she could not sleep early that night. She put on her coat and went out, intending to find a place to have her solitary meal, and then perhaps to explore a little in the well-lighted areas, though not anywhere in the vicinity of such expensive and fashionable hotels as Claridges.

But, after she had eaten, inevitably her footsteps led her back to the Kensington Road, and after that to the derelict house, the sad skeleton standing ashamedly back from the glare of the street lights.

She stood looking at it for a long time, trying to return to the warmth and comfort it had once represented for her. Even if she could prove her ownership, and now she didn't know what to believe, the house was destroyed. A sudden picture came to her of the young man, Severn Field, sitting at a discreetly lighted table, eating expensive food, surrounded with comfort and assurance, while

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she stood in the dark, a little tree, trembling and withering, because there was no place to put down her roots.

Back in the house in Ennismore Street she knocked at Mrs. Mulligatawny's door.

"Mrs. Mulligatawny, is it likely that the youngest of seven brothers could afford to stay at an hotel like Claridges?"

Mrs. Mulligatawny shook her head. "But everything is topsy-turvy these days," she said obscurely. "Or unless the young man is a scoundrel."

That was it, of course. Severn Field, with his open, laughing face, was a scoundrel.

He stole the properties of people who were abroad, and as likely as not also stole grandfather clocks. How otherwise could he get one at such short notice on a Saturday afternoon?

Perdita went to bed and carried her perplexity into her dreams. She awoke late to find the London sun producing a yellow diffused light across her bed, and on her bedside table a basket of red and luscious cherries.

The note accompanying them said, "Cherries unfortunately are out of season in England. I had these flown from Italy. Please see if they taste better than painted ones on wallpaper." In a postscript written as an afterthought were the words, "Operation demolition temporarily ceased."

The clock on the landing struck nine. Suddenly its sound was like bells ringing. Perdita picked up the telephone and dialled a number that she had rather furtively looked up the previous evening.

"Mr. Severn Field, please," she requested.

Presently there was a voice, not exactly as she had remembered it, but familiar nevertheless, and for a moment oddly enough giving her the feeling of reassurance that the tick of the clock on the staircase had given her.

"Good morning, Miss Perdita Mannering. Are you enjoying cherries for your breakfast?"

"I think you are quite absurd. Both the cherries and the clock. It's ridiculously extravagant."

"Oh, the clock cost me nothing."

"So you did steal it!"

He laughed, softly and deeply.

"Its owner is away for the weekend. He won't know the old fellow has gone. Are you coming to Richmond with me today? The sun is shining."

"No, thank you," Perdita said. "I was just ringing to thank you for stopping pulling down the house. I appreciate that, at least, until this question of ownership is settled."

"Well," came the considered voice, "one couldn't do less."

"Yesterday I didn't think you would admit that I had any claim at all."

"I still don't admit that."

"They why?"

"My dear Perdita, a very simple reason. The British workman doesn't work on Sundays."

A little later Mrs. Mulligatawny appeared to announce, "There is a large car waiting outside, Miss Mannering. The young man says he has called for you. What shall I tell him?"

"Tell him no," Perdita said briefly.

"He is very handsome."

"Handsome is as handsome does," said Perdita, with a lack of originality. "Tell him the answer is no."

Mrs. Mulligatawny departed reluctantly. Presently the door slammed, indicating that she had completed her errand. Perdita finished dressing, and sighed, thinking of the long, lonely day ahead. Perhaps she would take a bus ride, or catch a train into the country...

A long, steady honking

Continuing . . .

broke off her thoughts. She flew to the window and peered cautiously out. The car still stood in the street. Its top was down, and Severn Field himself relaxed in the luxurious seat, but the set of his head, the tapping of his fingers on the steering wheel betrayed impatience.

"Mrs. Mulligatawny!" Perdita was on the stairs. "Didn't you give Mr. Field my message?"

Mrs. Mulligatawny appeared shamefacedly.

"I told him you said no, Miss Mannering."

"Then why is he still there?"

"I added that when a lady said no she sometimes meant yes."

"Oh, goodness!" Perdita exclaimed impatiently. "I'll have to tell him myself."

She hurried down the stairs and across the hall. As she opened the door the sunlight fell across her face. Severn Field leaped out of the car and smiled radiantly.

"Ready?" he said, opening the door on the other side.

Perdita said, "No," quite clearly, and found herself climbing into the car.

"Fine," said Severn, in his deep, humorous, but gentle voice. "We'll lunch first, and then we'll look at the house."

"What house?" Perdita demanded suspiciously.

"The house of a friend of mine. It's Queen Anne, and it overlooks the river. You'll like it."

They lunched in an inn on the riverside. Severn talked of his brothers and his dogs, of a book he had read last night for want of something better to do, and of how much he liked women with stubborn and intractable natures.

Perdita said, "Intractable? When I'm here against my will and certainly against my better judgment!"

"Finish your wine," said Severn, "and we'll go and see another house. Others, you know, do exist."

On sight of the house Perdita could not resist a cry of admiration. It was so perfect, with its long windows and graceful decoration of creeper.

"Wait," said Severn. "You haven't seen inside it yet."

He fitted a key in the front door and opened it.

"But where is your friend?"

"Oh, he's away. He lets me come and go as I please. Come and see this exquisite staircase."

Perdita entered the hall and looked at the beautiful curving staircase, at the carved ceiling, the glimpse through doorways of sunny rooms. But there was dust on the polished wood, and there was a faint air of dishevelment that was a slight to so lovely a house.

"Oh!" Perdita said, with a pained air, walking slowly up the stairs, rubbing her finger in the film of dust on the stair rail. At the top on the floor there was one square spot completely free of dust. How strange! Something had stood there very recently. Perdita whirled round.

"The clock! You did steal it!"

"No. I only borrowed it. After all, it was wasting its time here striking hours to the empty air."

Perhaps because of the sunny day, or the food and wine, or her pleasure in this exquisite house, Perdita's anger had temporarily left her.

Unwillingly she had to admire what she saw. Mrs. Mulligatawny was right. He was handsome. And thoughtful. And amusing. And intelligent. But also, she told herself rapidly, devious and deceitful and arrogant and determined to get his own way.

"You are—strange," she said inadequately.

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"And you are lovely. I want to kiss you." His statement was simple and uninhibited.

Perdita gazed a moment, almost hypnotised. She felt her lips parting. Then she said sharply, "No."

"Later, then." His voice was equable. He followed her down the stairs, and showed her the house room by room. But now she no longer wanted to look. She was filled with a strange pain.

A witty woman is a treasure; a witty beauty is a power.

—George Meredith.

Finally she was glad to leave, and glad, too, that Severn made no further suggestions, either verbally or physically, of kissing her. In Ennismore Street he stopped the car and said almost formally, "Will eleven in the morning suit you?"

"What for?"

"To come to my bank and view the title deed."

"At eleven I will be at my solicitor's viewing my title deed. I trust that you will be available for the service of a writ at any time after that."

"Always delighted to oblige," said Severn gallantly.

The car swept away. Perdita went rather forlornly inside. Tomorrow she would know the truth. And all at once she was afraid.

It occurred to her, as she drove in a taxi to Bedford Square the next morning, that Mr. Jenkins, too, might be a

little afraid. For it had begun to seem that he must be the culprit. Had he silenced the Batters, and sold the house in Kensington Road to one Septimus Field, who had recently bequeathed it to his grandson?

Mr. Jenkins, however, showed nothing but pleasure at her unexpected appearance.

"My dear Miss Mannering! You should have told us when to expect you. We could have met your ship. Dear, dear, dear! This is a poor welcome."

Perdita answered politely that she was getting on very well, it was wonderful to be in London, and what about the house? Her voice was without impatience. She made it seem that she had no suspicions at all.

"Ah, the house. There is trouble there, indeed. The Batters are making a great many requests."

"The Batters?" said Perdita sharply.

"That is the name of the tenants, Miss Mannering. They say that in the recent rains the roof leaked in several places."

"But there is no roof!"

Mr. Jenkins darted her a puzzled look.

"There is certainly a roof, Miss Mannering. Of a kind. We will have to send someone to look at it, of course. But if what the Batters say is true, the expense will be considerable. Of course property in that particular part of Chiswick is low-lying, very subject to damp."

"What did you say, Mr. Jenkins?"

"Chiswick. But surely you know where the house is, Miss Mannering."

"In Kensington Road, of course. At least, it was there. It has almost vanished now. They are pulling it down. I mean, Mr. Field is."

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my drive dribbled up on to the green, this little black-and-white puppy ran out from nowhere chasing it and knocked the ball right into the cup!"

She chuckled, tossed her head, and said, "Ha!" Everyone laughed, but it was lost on me.

"Wonderful!" said Zingler. "I almost believe you."

Helen raised her right hand. "It's true. So help me!"

Mrs. Daggett said, "I didn't realise you played golf, Helen. How about a game next week?"

"Oh, I'd love to," she answered with hardly a pause, "but the doctor won't let me until my knee gets well."

My mind was reeling. Her legs were as sound as a Derby winner's.

"How did you hurt your knee, dear?" Zingler asked.

"Ski-ing," said Helen, with a straight face.

"A great sport," said the flier. You could tell he had formed a mental picture of my wife in tight pants zipping down some mountainside. "Where do you ski?"

"At the lake. Some friends of ours have a speedboat and we ski behind it."

Zingler swayed a little, refocusing his mental picture. I caught Helen's eye, but she just smiled innocently.

"The swelling is almost gone now," she said and raised her skirt a couple of inches above her lovely knees. "See? You can hardly tell the difference."

Well, there was. I knew the whole atrocious act was for my benefit, that she was just giving me a taste of my own unbridled imagination. But the trouble is you can't suddenly start lying after a lifetime of sticking to facts. It goes to your head and you become drunk with power.

This is what had happened to Helen and, short of dragging her away by the hair, there was no way I could think to stop her.

Of course my boss, Mr. Daggett, was delighted with the way things were going; and when we went in to lunch he made sure Helen sat beside Zingler at the table.

I was relegated to the far end out of earshot, where all I could do was watch and worry. From the frequent bursts of the laughter I knew Helen was keeping right on with her whoppers.

It came to a head directly after the meal when Zingler, taking Helen by the arm, announced they were going for a drive. He owned one of those high-horsepowered sports imports, and it seemed Helen had told him she was wild to road-test it.

"Now just a minute," I said to them both. "I don't know what she told you, but Helen has never driven a car like that."

"That's why I want to try, dear," she said sweetly.

"There's nothing to it," said Zingler, "for a girl who knows how to fly."

I opened and closed my mouth, and in that interval Helen slid in behind the wheel. Zingler got in beside her, touched a few knobs, and there was a roar that drowned out any further conversation from me.

The car leapt ahead, spewing gravel over Daggett's nicely kept lawn, and I shut my eyes. When I opened them, Helen was cornering into the highway.

They were gone for twenty minutes. After ten of them I went inside to a mirror to check

"Mr. Field! Kensington Road! Oh, of course, I know the place you are talking about. That belonged to Septimus Field, the steel man. Died not long ago. Don't know who owns the old house now."

"I do," said Perdita bleakly. "Septimus Field's seventh grandson, Severn. Why didn't you tell me that you had sold my house?"

"Sold your house! My dear young lady, you're under a misapprehension. That never was your house. True, your grandparents lived there. They had a twenty-one-year lease from Field, if I remember rightly. But it expired at the beginning of the war, and later the house was hit by a flying bomb, anyway. So it wasn't worth much to anybody. The land, of course, is valuable. Field wouldn't touch anything that wasn't."

"I'm sure you're right about that," Perdita said miserably.

"There's nothing to worry about, Miss Mannering," Mr. Jenkins said earnestly. "Your property in Chiswick is intact—except for the roof. I can't understand how you can have been under such a misapprehension as to the exact whereabouts of your inheritance, but of course living in Australia, so far away—Miss Mannering, I fear you are upset."

"I'm not upset at all," Perdita said stonily. I only have nowhere to put my roots, she thought. Nowhere at all.

On leaving Mr. Jenkins' office she took a taxi to Hyde Park corner, then got out and walked slowly in the direction of the maimed and derelict house. Poor house, she thought.

She picked her way delicately over the rubble, and looked at the small cloud of dust settling from a recent further upheaval of the tortured timbers.

"Postman's been, miss," called a cheerful voice.

Perdita looked up to see the dusty face of the workman who had spoken to Severn and the other day.

"Left your mail in the room, miss. Said as to tell in case you shouldn't grow it."

But it was impossible to notice, pinned on the wall was, in the place where name was still visible in ink writing. The envelope addressed "Miss Perdita Mannering (still very small for age)." She tore it open and read what was written on sheet of paper enclosed.

"Dear Miss Mannering, Will you please do me the honor of being the tenant of my house at Richmond, as my grandfather was once a valued tenant of my grandfather here in Kensington Road."

If you will do this, my house can go back home, and I have to send to Italy for more cherries. Which will multiply my life a great deal. We can dispense with and slightly fatiguing business serving writs. Your tenancy, of course, would be on the basis of prospective ownership. I am sure that this arrangement would bring great happiness to us both. I merely add the group will neither anticipate nor tolerate a refusal.

Your obedient servant, Severn Field.

P.S. The soil at Richmond is excellent for growing rosehips.

Perdita walked slowly. She thoughtfully back to Ennismore Street. She let herself in at the front door, and stood a moment listening to the slow, deliberate tick of the clock on the stairs. Mrs. Mulligatawny, whose well-known face she had seen so often, good house dog, appeared to ask with her irrepressible and quistiveness, "Well! What the lady to say today?"

Perdita eyed her dreamily. "The lady says yes."

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I decided if Daggett said word I would quit. My wife's honor was more important than the job.

At least that's the way I felt until the next morning when the summons came to appear in Daggett's office.

"Joe," he said when I sat into a chair beside his desk. "Allied Airlines could be on the biggest account."

"Yes, I know," I admitted weakly.

"Do you think you can handle it?" he went on, frowning me with a look.

"Me?" I stammered. "I can't."

"Zingler wants you on it personally. He says any guy who can hold a girl like Helen must have plenty on the brain. So it's in your lap, Joe. Of course, I'll help you out if you need me and . . ."

So that's how it stands. And you'd think I'd be happy. But listen to this:

That night when I got home with the news, the living-room was a mass of roses.

"Mike sent them," Helen said uneasily, "with a note of apology."

"It looks like we'll be seeing a good deal of old Mike," I said and told her about the account. "There's just one thing we ought to settle. Do you think that he's attractive?"

"I suppose some women might think so," she admitted.

"I don't care about some women," I said. "What about you?"

"Oh, me," she said. "I'm married to the most wonderful man in the whole wide world. How could I think for a minute anyone else was attractive?"

And then she chuckled, tossed her head, and said, "Ha!"

Do you have any idea what it's like to be married to person whose word you can doubt? I tell you honestly it's murder.

(Copyright)

Continuing . . . The Scapegoat

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case of wine into the back. The best solution for the day, so far as everybody was concerned, seemed to be refuge in drink. I looked across the drive, and Renee and the child were walking towards us, and with them Cesar, wagging his great tail.

"We don't want the dog," I called.

They stopped, surprised. "You'll want Cesar for the birds, Papa," cried Marie-Noel.

"No," I said. "Since I'm not shooting there's no need to bring him. I can't manage him with one hand."

"You don't have to," the child said. "He always obeys your command. He didn't this morning because you didn't make him. Come on, Cesar."

"Hasn't he a lead?" said Renee. "Where's his lead?"

I GAVE in. I could not argue; the day was out of my control. I climbed into the back of the Renault with the dog on one side of me and the child on the other, Renee in the front, and Gaston driving. As we jolted over a rough cart track to the woods and I swayed against Cesar, a mutter rose in his throat, fore-runner to a growl, and I wondered how long his natural dignity would keep him courteous and how soon an affront to his comfort would make him turn.

"What's wrong with Cesar?" asked Renee, looking over her shoulder. "What does he keep growling for?"

"Papa's teasing him," said the child. "aren't you, Papa?"

"No, by God I'm not," I said.

"Half-trained dogs get so excited," said Renee.

"Joseph remarked on his behaviour two days ago," said Gaston. "He has growled at Monsieur le Comte several times."

"What shall we do if he goes mad?" asked Marie-Noel.

"He won't go mad," I said, "but somebody's got to see that he's kept on his lead."

Suddenly the car stopped and we found ourselves quite near to the shooting party, which was spread out in a thin line along the ride. We climbed out of the car and I knew instinctively that it was a mistake for me to have come at all, for I hadn't the faintest notion of what I ought to do next. Worse still, I saw that my instructions about Cesar had not been followed. He was loose, roaming around as he had done in the drive in a vain search for his master.

"Come here, Cesar," I called. The dog took no notice. He was running along the line, his progress accompanied by angry shouts of "Catch that dog!"

"I knew it was a mistake to bring him," I said. "Marie-Noel, run and fetch him."

She was about to do so when there came shouts from within the wood, a whirling sound of flight, and the birds were over our heads. Suddenly the air was filled with the banging of guns and the bodies of birds came rocketing down. I ducked instinctively, closing my eyes, a townsman out of his milieu, untrained to death in the field.

"What's the matter—are you faint?" asked Renee, but even as I straightened myself Cesar, forgetting all he had ever been taught, dashed forward unbidden to retrieve the nearest bird, which surely, so his dog mind must have told him, would be his absent master's prey. As he did so he ran headlong into his enemy of the terrace, the well-trained retriever belonging to the man on my right, whose bird presumably it was, and before the

strangled summons "Cesar!" could rise in my throat the hideous battle between them started once again.

The retriever's master, a little old fellow in an out-at-elbows jacket and battered tweed hat, screamed at me, purple in the face, "Call off your dog!" and the three of us, Renee, Marie-Noel, and I, flung ourselves into the melee of infuriated animals, joined now by a third.

The hunter, hysterical with rage, whirled away from us to fire at a couple of late-comers who now winged their way above us, but in his wild emotion he missed them both so that they swerved and dipped to safety in some cover far behind.

He turned to us, pale as death and almost speechless with fury. "What are we invited here for?" he yelled. "To be made fun of? That's the second time you've set your dog on mine. I'm going home."

Cesar, secured at last, was dragged from the scene of action by Renee and the child, and now the other men, drawn by the sound of the barking dogs and violent shouting of their neighbors, came flocking round to see what had occurred. Paul himself, appearing suddenly from the far end of the ride, ruffled, anxious, arrived in time to see his guest, still purple in the face, his gun under his arm, and his dog

limping behind, stalk off determinedly along the ride towards the road.

"What's wrong with the marquis?" called Paul. "I placed him there on purpose. It's the position he likes best. Wasn't he pleased?"

Out of the sea of faces I saw one I recognised. It was the fellow I had seen driving a car near the station in Le Mans, the first to mistake my identity. He was grinning. The debacle of the drive seemed to amuse him.

"It was Jean playing the fool," he said. "I saw him as the birds came over. He dodged and ducked to amuse your wife and then set Cesar on to retrieve the marquis' bird and to fight old Justin. I shouldn't think the marquis will ever speak to either of you again."

Paul turned to me, his face white. "What's the idea?" he asked. "Is it because you can't have any fun yourself that you want to ruin the day for everyone else?"

Renee, mistakenly, spoke in my defence. "Don't be so unfair," she stormed. "Of course Jean was not playing the fool. His hand was hurting him—he nearly fainted. As for the dog, he got completely out of control. There's something the matter with him—he's turning savage."

"Then he'd better be put down," said Paul. "And if Jean feels ill, why did he come?"

The guests drifted away discreetly. Nobody wished to

listen in on a family row. The man from Le Mans winked at me and shrugged his shoulders. I could see Dr. Lebrun hurrying down the ride towards us.

"What is it?" I heard him say, his voice concerned. "Is it true that the Marquis de Plessis-Braye has shot himself through the foot?"

Paul uttered an exclamation and went off in pursuit of his outraged guest, whose stumpy figure was plodding steadily towards the distant lane.

"I think we, too, had better go home," I said to Renee, but her face fell and so did the child's. Must I spoil their day also?

"We've only watched one drive," said Renee. "Surely you're not going to take any notice of Paul?"

"You both stay," I said. "I've had enough. Here, give me the dog."

I seized poor Cesar's leash and the dog, aware of disgrace yet scenting heaven knows what wounded prey that had dragged itself into the woods to die, leapt forward in a sudden bound, nearly tearing my arm out of its socket, and we plunged on, the pair of us, into a copse as thick and black as a witch's lair.

I thought I heard a warning shout from Paul, but there was nothing I could do about it: my fate was linked to Cesar's and his to mine, and we went off together through the wood until, breathless and exhausted, we collapsed together upon a heap of cones.

I lit a cigarette with a sigh and, leaning back against a tree, wondered how far we were from St. Gilles. There was no sound of man or gun or bird, nothing but the light and dismal patter of the rain. Presently, damp and stiff, my bandaged hand starting to throb, I dragged myself to my feet and with my hell-hound in tow started off once more through the wood.

THERE was no break in the weeping sky to give direction. I could not tell whether we walked north or south, east or west, and Cesar was no help to me. Still leashed, he trotted at my side as docile as a poodle. Suddenly he stiffened, and almost under my feet a pheasant rose and flew in alarm into the undergrowth ahead.

As we scrambled through a belt of narrowing trees another bird took off, and yet another, for we must have inadvertently stumbled upon some hiding-place or lair. In the distance I could hear shouts and then a shot, but away to the left of me, and the startled birds were swerving to my right.

Then I saw, some little way ahead, that at last the trees were clearing. We were coming to another of those broad rides traversing the woods which I had hoped to find before. We stumbled on to it wet, bedraggled, as covered with leaves and brushwood as a poacher and his cur. And I perceived, not twenty yards away, Paul and Robert staring at me, while posted down the ride, like sentinels on guard, the line of sportsmen waited in ignorance for the birds I had prematurely scattered.

Gaston appeared from nowhere with the car. He also had the flask, last seen in the hotel bedroom at Le Mans and now refilled with cognac, which I swallowed humped on the back seat of the Renault.

Through the misty windscreen I watched the disconsolate figures of the sportsmen, balked of their prey, turn and disappear once more through the belt of trees in hopeful quest of less elusive quarry. Gaston, devoted, anxious, peered into my face, suggesting that Dr. Lebrun should be summoned to attend me, but he

read my symptoms wrongly. My hand was not hurting now, nor was I in a high fever: the cognac was the solace that I needed.

After a while, the flask emptied, we jolted once again over ruts and muddy ridges. I recollect a low farm building, the trackway beside it already filled with cars, and waiting to welcome me at the doorway the tenant of the farm, immense, red-faced, bucolic, and his chattering shrimp of a wife. They led me into a huge barn, and I barely had time to huddle in the far corner, screened from the open door, before the shooting party entered, thirsty, tired.

Servants from the chateau hastened round with the wine which Gaston had brought. I remember Renee on one side of me and the man from Le Mans upon the other, and Renee telling him in great detail the story of the bonfire, and explaining that ever since I had been in a state bordering upon delirium, and nobody understood it except herself. Scarcely had she finished when the man from Le Mans started chattering about high finance, coups on the Bourse, gambles successfully won. My head reeled. Here was the one man who might have helped me—surely he must be the one Bela had spoken of?—and I didn't even know his business or his name.

"I'm flying to London late tonight," he said. "The usual monthly trip. If there's anything I can do for you there, you know where to find me."

In my haze of alcohol I thought for one crazy instant that he had plumed my secret. I stared at him, shaken, then caught at his sleeve and said, "What are you getting at? What do you mean?"

"Exchange of pounds," he replied briefly. "If you have any English friends, I know how to work it. Easiest thing in the world."

"Friends?" I asked. "Indeed I have English friends," smiling foolishly, knowing myself secure. Of course he had not guessed, of course he did not realise what I meant. "I have a very good friend in London who lives near the British Museum," I said. "He'd exchange pounds for francs any day of the week if he could get them." And because I was speaking of the self who sat beside him, and the joke seemed to me exquisitely funny, I added, "Give me a piece of paper and a pen."

He handed me his pocket diary and pen, and laboriously I wrote my own name and address in block capitals, and gave the diary back to him in drunken solemnity, saying, "Any assistance you give this chap you'll be giving to me; we're closer than brothers." Then I burst out laughing.

Next I was aware of someone touching my elbow. It was Marie-Noel, and she was saying, "Uncle Paul wants to know if you are going to say a few words or shall he?" Before I could answer the financier was clapping vigorously, and suddenly the whole company was banging and stamping, and the financier was patting me on the shoulder, saying, "Go on, Jean, make a speech." In a haze of alcohol, surrounded on all sides by a sea of faces, I thought, this is where I make my mark as seigneur of St. Gilles. I may have ruined the sport this morning, but now I am in form.

"Mesdames et Messieurs," I began, "once again it is my pride and pleasure to welcome you upon this happy occasion, and although, alas, an accident has prevented me from taking an active part in the proceedings, at least I am consoled by the fact that my brother has deputised so well. It is not

Fashion FROCKS

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"KERRY"—Maternity skirt styled with special waist expansion is made in sundek. The color choice includes black, navy-blue, beige, and ash-grey.

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● Note: If ordering by mail send to address on page 53. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication.

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an easy thing to do to take another's place, as I am perfectly aware. The truth of this was forced upon me only yesterday morning when I was down at the foundry looking through the accounts." I pulled myself up. What the devil was I saying? The two identities were merging into one. "Be that as it may," I floundered, "I am not here to talk about the foundry but about shooting."

I felt someone jogging my elbow — it was the financier, scarlet in the face, making signs to me to finish, murmuring in my ear alone, "Have you gone crazy, you idiot?" In front of me were the other faces, puzzled, uneasy, and it dawned upon me that my speech was not entirely a success, and that it would be best to finish it speedily with some jocular remark.

"In conclusion," I said, lifting my glass, "I will only add this—that my damaged hand today surely prevented disaster. The marquis was wise to go home when he did. If I had carried a gun . . . and here I paused for emphasis . . . some of you present might never have survived." I stopped, oddly relieved to have uttered my own truth, but I could not understand why nobody clapped.

However feeble my joke may have seemed to them, surely courtesy demanded at any rate a show of applause? Instead, there was a shuffling of feet, and everybody began to move away and outside as though the barn had suddenly become unbearably warm and they longed for the open air. My words had been lamentably few, but I could not see how they had in any way been offensive.

Renee was with me again, and Dr. Lebrun. "I think you must have a touch of fever," he said. "It would be wise to get back to the chateau."

"Nonsense," I said, "my hand isn't hurting at all."

"All the same," he said, "you'd be wiser to lie down."

I was in no condition to argue. I allowed myself to be led by Gaston to the car, and as we turned out of the farmyard I could see the straggling line of sportsmen moving off to their afternoon objective.

"My speech didn't seem to go down very well," I said to the silent Gaston at my side, half excusing myself, half trying to turn it into a matter for laughter between us.

He did not answer for a moment. Then the corner of his mouth twitched.

"Listen, Monsieur le Comte," he said, his voice an apology, "you had a little too much to drink, that was all."

"Was it so noticeable?" I said.

I felt rather than saw the shrug. "People are sensitive," he said, "especially about the past. It doesn't do to mix up war and peace."

"But I didn't do anything of the sort," I said. "I was speaking of something quite different."

"Excuse me, Monsieur le Comte," he said, "I misunderstood you. So did they."

We drove the few miles back in silence. As I got out of the car and he stood waiting for further orders, it struck me suddenly that possibly not all the guests would be returning for refreshment later. It might be that some of them would now make excuses and go home. I put the point to Gaston.

"It is one of those things, Monsieur le Comte," he said, "that are best left to the discretion of those concerned. In any case, if few turn up to drink in the dining-room, I can promise you that the kitchen quarters of the chateau will be completely filled."

I went upstairs and crept softly into the dressing-room so as not to disturb Francoise. Throwing myself down on to

Continuing . . .

the bed, I slept instantly. I was woken by someone whispering in my ear. The whisper was at first soft, part of a breaking dream. Then it came louder, and opening my eyes I saw that it was dark, raining still. A figure stood by the bed. It was Germaine, the maid.

"Come quickly, Monsieur le Comte," she was saying. "Madame la Comtesse is ill, she is asking for you."

I sat up instantly, switching on the light. Germaine looked frightened.

"Where's Charlotte?" I said.

"Has she sent you for me?"

"Charlotte is downstairs, Monsieur le Comte," she whispered. "There is a great crowd in the kitchen eating and drinking, you understand, all those who were at the shoot today, and Charlotte told me to stay with Madame la Comtesse because she wanted to join the others below."

I WAS up now, and struggling into my jacket. "What's the time?" I asked.

"It's after eight, Monsieur le Comte," she said. "There are still a few guests in the dining-room with Monsieur and Madame Paul and Madeleine, but not so many came as were expected."

I straightened my tie and smoothed my hair before the mirror. At least I was sober again.

"What's the matter with Madame la Comtesse?" I asked.

"I don't know, Monsieur le Comte," she answered, looking frightened once again.

"She was sleeping, and then she started to groan and to ask for Charlotte, but Charlotte had told me not to go down for her, so I went to the bed and asked if there was anything I could do. I told a lie. I said I could not find Charlotte. Then she asked for you, not Mademoiselle Blanche or the doctor, or anyone else, only Charlotte or you, Monsieur le Comte, and she said to come at once, no matter where you were, or what you were doing. I was frightened, she looked so ill."

She followed me out of the dressing-room and up the stairs. Away below I could hear the sound of revelry from the kitchen quarters, curiously in contrast to the usual deep silence of St. Gilles. We passed through the swing-door on to the third corridor, and at once the music and the laughter stopped.

When we came to the bedroom door I paused, something telling me I should go in alone, and asked Germaine to wait outside in the corridor. The room was dark, only a feeble glow from the stove enabled me to distinguish the shape of the furniture, of the bed, and because I did not want to disturb the comtesse by turning on the light, I went to the window and eased the shutter so that a streak of pallor might at least fall upon the carpet and make the darkness grey.

As I folded back the shutter I could hear the steady rain running in the lead guttering as I had imagined it would in winter, churning and tumbling the rubble of dust and leaves, sweeping them down to course out of the gargoyle mouth.

Her voice came to me, faint and strangely guttural, from the depths of the vast bed.

"Who is it?"

"It's I, Jean."

I moved away from the window and went to her. I could see nothing but her form under the covers, not her face.

"I'm ill," she said. "Why didn't you come before?"

"What do you want me to do?" I asked.

She moved restlessly and I knelt down beside the bed and took her hand.

The Scapegoat

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"You know perfectly what I want you to do," she said.

There were medicines on the table beside the bed, and I glanced towards them, perplexed, but she shook her head, impatient, exasperated, and moaned, thrashing her head from side to side. "Charlotte keeps it next door," she said, "in the dressing-room, in the drawer of the cupboard there. Surely you remember where it is?"

I got up, went into the dressing-room, and switched on the light. There was only one cupboard in the small room, with a single drawer, and this opened. Inside were two boxes, one of them still half-wrapped in paper which I recognised. It was the same wrapping that had covered the gift in the valise, the gift which I had given into Charlotte's hands that first evening in the chateau. I took the wrapping off now, and opened the box.

It was full of little ampoules packed one upon the other in layers of cotton-wool. They



contained liquid, and a label upon each, with the single word morphine. I opened the other box. It held a hypodermic syringe. There was nothing else in the drawer. As I stood there, staring, I heard her calling me from the bedroom, "Jean, why don't you come?"

Slowly I took the syringe out of its box, and one of the ampoules, and laid them on the table below. There was cotton-wool on the table, and a bottle containing spirit, but in the days of the war, when these things had been familiar to me, kneeling beside a doctor on the floor of an air-raid shelter, or in an ambulance, I had never had the feeling of revulsion that possessed me now. Then we acted in mercy, to deaden pain. This was different. I understood at last what it was that Jean de Gue had brought his mother from Paris. But his mother was not ill or dying, neither was she in pain.

I went back into the bedroom and turned on a light which I found concealed in the hangings of the bed. The woman lying there was not the one who had stood beside me on the terrace that morning, regal and commanding, but another, grey and old and frightened, her hands restless, her eyes staring, and she kept turning her head from side to side on the pillow in a movement that was horrible and inhuman, like something long imprisoned without food, or light, or water.

"What are you waiting for?" she said. "Why are you so long?"

I knelt beside her. My burn did not matter any more, and I put both my hands behind her, and turned her head towards me so that she was forced to look at me and be still.

"I don't want to give it to you," I said.

"Why?"

The staring eyes searched mine and the massive face, grey and sagging, seemed to crumple, becoming twisted and distorted like a paper mask.

"Why?"

Once again she spoke, this time in anguish, and she pulled herself up in bed and held my shoulders. The mask became a face and the face hers and mine and Marie-Noel's. The three of us were together, looking out at me from her eyes, and the voice was no longer deep and guttural but the voice of the child when she spoke to me the first evening and asked, "Papa, why did you not come to say good-night to me?"

I got up and went into the bathroom. Breaking the neck of the ampoule I filled the syringe and came back and prepared her arm with the spirit as I remembered we had done in the war. Then I drove the needle into her arm, pressed the plunger, and waited, and

guests had not yet gone — and as I walked on to the terrace the door of the salon opened, the confusion of voices sounded louder, then quietened again as the door closed, and Marie-Noel came out.

"Where are you going?" she said.

She had changed into a blue silk frock, white socks, and pointed shoes. She wore a little gold cross round her neck, and round her cropped fair hair was a blue velvet band. Her face was flushed with excitement. This was her evening; she was helping to entertain the guests. I remembered the promise made to her on my first evening.

"I don't know," I said. "I might not come back."

She knew at once what I meant, because the color went from her face and she made a movement as though to rush at me and seize my hands. Then she remembered my bandaged hand and stood still.

"Is it because of what happened at the shoot?" she asked.

I had forgotten the futility of the morning, the ridiculous spoiling of the sportsmen's fun, the cognac and the wine and the ill-timed bravado of my speech.

"No," I said, "it has nothing to do with the shoot."

She went on looking at me, her hands clasped, and then she said, "Take me with you."

"How can I?" I asked. "I don't know where I'm going."

It was raining hard, falling on to her thin shoulders in the blue silk party frock. "Will you walk?" she said. "You can't drive because of your hand."

THE simplicity of her remark brought me to the full realisation that I was without thought or plan. How indeed did I intend to get away? I had walked blindly out of that upstairs room and down into the hall with only one idea in mind—that I must leave the chateau as soon as possible. Instead of which the idiocy of the burnt hand kept me a prisoner.

"You see," said the child, "it's not very easy, is it?"

The voices sounded loud again from within the salon. Marie-Noel looked over her shoulder.

"They are beginning to say goodbye," she said. "You will have to make up your mind what you're going to do." She suddenly did not seem a child any more, but somebody old and wise whom I had known in a different age, a different time. I did not want it to be like that, because it hurt. I wanted her to be a stranger still. "The time hasn't come for you to leave me yet," she said. "Wait till I'm older. It won't be long."

A footstep sounded in the hall, and someone came and stood in the entrance. It was Blanche.

"You'll catch cold," she said. "Come in out of the rain." She did not see me standing there, she saw only the child, and I realised that, believing herself to be alone with Marie-Noel, she spoke in a voice I had never heard before. It was gentle and affectionate, the hard, abrupt quality gone. She might have been a different person. "Everybody is going in a moment," she said. "You have to be polite only a few minutes longer. Then I'll come upstairs and read to you, if Papa is still sleeping." She turned and went indoors.

The child looked at me. "Go on in," I said, "do what she says. I won't leave you." She smiled. Oddly, the smile reminded me of something. Then I remembered—it was release from pain. I had seen the same smile not ten minutes ago in the room upstairs. Marie-Noel ran back into the chateau.

I heard the sound of a car coming down from the village

and passing through the way. As it turned to the way the headlights must have picked me up, for it stopped and Gaston got out. It was Renault, and he came on the drive towards me. I looked a little awkward.

"I had not realised Monsieur le Comte was below," he said. "Forgive me, but it was raining hard, and I took Mademoiselle's car. I was with Yves and one or two older people who had been celebrating with us back at the foundry. I did not want to disturb you."

"That's all right," I said. "I'm glad you took the home."

He came nearer and pressed up at my face. "You look upset, Monsieur le Comte. Is anything wrong? Are you feeling ill?"

"No," I told him.

"Excuse me," he said, in manner diffident, yet somehow reassuring, gentle, "I don't want to be indiscreet, but would Monsieur le Comte permit me to drive him to Villars?"

I kept silent, not understanding the morning, hoping that his next word would make his meaning plain.

"You have had a hard day, Monsieur le Comte," he went on. "At the chateau everyone believes you to be bed. If I drove you now, Villars you could spend several hours there in comfort, without anxiety, and I could come back for you early in the morning. I only suggest it because the present moment Monsieur le Comte cannot drive himself."

He glanced away from me, apologetic, tactful, and I knew that what he suggested was profoundly the answer to a turmoil of mind and body and spirit that he expected no comment even, no word of affirmation.

He opened the door for me and I got in, and as he drove along the pitch-dark lanes of Villars, the rain beating against the windscreen, neither of us speaking, it seemed to me that there was nothing left now of that former self who had changed identity in the hotel bedroom at Le Mans. Every one of my actions, instincts, weaknesses, all had merged with those of Jean de Gue.

I thought for a moment it was the rain pouring from the gargoyle mouth, bearing away the silt and debris of the years and the gargoyle himself, with flattened, evil ears, was cracking at the base, the stonework crumbling, so that he, too, would moulder and soften with the flood. Then the horror of the dream departed as it was day, and the sound was Bela's bath-water running. The darkness had gone as the rain with it, and the early morning sun was turning the rooftops gold.

I could hear her throwing open the shutters in the new across the passage, talking to the budgerigars, putting the cages out on to the balcony, their twittering chatter a variation of the running water. Presently I called to her as she came at once from the other room, dressed in wrapper and slippers, and bent over me and kissed me with the quiet concern of someone in charge whose heart and mind are free of trouble.

"Did you sleep well?" she asked.

"Yes," I told her.

"I'll make you coffee directly," she said, "and as soon as Vincent comes I'll send him for croissants from the bakery up the street. Your hand doesn't hurt you? Good. I dress it before you leave."

Then she was gone, and gave myself up once more to lassitude and peace.

She had a quality of being surprised by nothing. Last night, when Gaston had deposited me outside the Porte

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Outdoor carpets



POLYGONUM CAPITATUM is a colorful trailing plant that flowers during autumn and winter. It makes a dense ground cover for banks and will spill over walls about 6ft. high or smother unsightly rocks or old stumps.

● Gardeners could save themselves much work and worry by planting creepers, trailers, or one of many ground-covering species in bare patches of garden which otherwise become covered with weeds and other troublesome plants.

SOME gardeners think that plants for this purpose should resemble grass, be less than six inches tall, and withstand foot traffic and mowing at reasonable intervals.

Other enthusiasts prefer thick-growing, earth-hugging plants that can be kept less than 18 inches high by shearing, while the experts generally agree that plants which merely creep or trail, sprawl or mat, providing the earth with a carpet of green or color, or both, are best.

When selecting such weed-prevention plants you should study the climatic zone, exposure to sunlight or shade, and resistance of plants to insects, disease, and to salt sprays, if they are to be grown near the sea.

Because most plants habitually employed as ground-covers grow from stolons, or have heavily rooted horizontal stems, the easiest method of propagation for the group generally is by division.

This is simply a gardener's term for the practice of lifting a plant during dormancy, shaking and cutting it apart, and replanting the pieces as individuals.

It is best to do this in midwinter, after the chosen area has been enriched by spading a three or four inch layer of old manure or compost into the ground. A sound watering must follow to settle the soil, and careful soaking must be repeated during dry spells.

As ground-cover plants must cover the earth without breaks, feeding must be done with care.

A good plan is to sprinkle a commercial fertiliser round the plants, and then to water well to dissolve the powder and wash off any that may have fallen on the leaves or surface stems.

Ideal for open, sunny positions is the colorful trailer *Polygonum capitatum*, which is also listed as *P. vacinifolium*. It throws out laterals six to eight feet long, bears tiny tassel-like flowers of rosy-pink, and often colors up its leaves to bright red in autumn and early winter.

Once well-established, this plant will extend over a considerable area, and does well in partial shade as well as in the open. It seeds freely in some cool districts, but is easily raised from cuttings, as the laterals usually take root while they sprawl on moist soil.

The Indian knot-weed, another member of the same family, *Polygonum brunonis*, does well on rough banks or rockeries, also bears small pink flowers, and colors up its foliage to brick-red in autumn.

Ajuga reptans multicolor and its cousin,

Ajuga metallica, like partial shade, and are often used for filling parking strips between concrete runs. Both varieties have blue flowers and attractive foliage.

One of the most effective of all ground-covers is the crimson-flowered thyme, *Thymus serpyllum*, which, after a few years' growth, forms a dense mat of lovely blossom that hides every leaf.

For high country where the climate is cool during spring and summer, Alpine phlox also forms a dense carpet of color, and is obtainable in deep pink, pale mauve, soft grey-blue, and white with a mauve centre or eye. The foliage is rather bristly, but when the plants are in full bloom the flowers hide it for months on end.

For covering rough land, *Vinca minor* and major, and the variegated form, all of which have small blue flowers, soon smother and hide small boulders and stones. These plants, however, may get out of hand unless they are trimmed along the edges occasionally, and their trailing laterals curtailed.

Others suitable for covering dry, sunny banks include *Vittadinia tribola*, which has small, white, daisy-like flowers;

Thymus nitidus (moss-like growth and mauve flowers); *Geranium sanguineum* (rosy-purple blooms); *Gazania* (many fine colors); *Cerastium tomentosum* (white flowers; silvery foliage), and even the common violet, which, however, prefers afternoon shade.

Liriope spicata, or lilyturf, is an Asiatic that has made itself at home here. It resembles a coarse, dark green grass that bears spikes of attractive lilac blossoms in summer, and it is suited chiefly to dense shade and impoverished soil under live oak and other trees.

For shady places where there is no foot traffic, the so-called ribbon-plant, *Ophiopogon japonicum*, which has gold and green blade-like leaves about 10 inches long, and blue flowers in summer, can be planted in clumps. It is rather slow to fill up the gaps, but when it does it makes a splendid display.

Another dainty subject for a shady bank that needs cover is *Ruellia*, which needs fairly good quality moist soil, but spreads rapidly, and has velvety, dark green leaves with silvery veinings and purple in reverse, and rose-carmine, trumpet-shaped blooms.

Most of these ground-covering species can be planted out in coastal areas at any time, and in inland districts as soon as the danger of frost is over. They are very hardy, although some are liable to damage by frost when very small.



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Ville and driven away, and I crossed the canal by the footbridge and tapped at the shuttered window, she had opened it instantly, without any startled query. Noticing at once my bandaged hand and general appearance of weariness and strain, she gestured to the deep chair where I had sat before, and fetched me a drink. She did not ask one question, and it was I who broke the silence first by feeling in my pocket for the broken phial and tossing it into the wastepaper basket.

"Did I ever tell you my mother took morphine?" I asked her.

"No," she answered, "but I suspected it."

"How?"

She hesitated. "From little hints you dropped from time to time. It wasn't my business to interfere."

Her voice was practical and cool, warning me that she accepted without praise or condemnation whatever Jean de Gue should choose to tell her, reserving her opinion for herself.

"Would it disgust you," I asked, "if you learnt that I supplied her with morphine, bringing it with me from Paris as a gift, just as I brought you the bottle of 'Femme'?"

"Nothing disgusts me, Jean," she said. "I know you too well to be repelled now by anything you choose to do."

She looked at me steadily. I leant forward and took a cigarette from the box on the table.

"This morning she came downstairs and went with us all to Mass," I said, "and then received about fifty guests on the terrace of the chateau in the rain. She looked magnificent. She did it, of course, from spite, to spoil Renee's day, who wanted to play hostess, Francoise being ill and in bed. This evening Germaine called me to her—her own personal maid, Charlotte, was below—and I went up and found her . . ."

"I broke off, because it was vividly with me once again, the dark, close bedroom, the dressing-room, the cupboard above the washbasin. 'I found her wanting me to give her that,' I looked at the wastepaper basket where I had thrown the empty phial.

"And you did so?"

"Yes."

She said nothing. She went on looking at me.

"That's why I've come to you," I said, "in self-pity and self-digust."

"Those are things you must deal with in your own way," she said. "I can't rid you of them."

"You have before," I told her.

"Yes?"

Perhaps it was my imagination. Was her manner harder, more abrupt than it had been that afternoon two days ago?

Or merely without interest, unmoved?

"I wonder how many times in the past," I said, "I've come here to this house, to you, knowing what was going on at home in the chateau, wanting to forget, and succeeding in forgetting because of what I found here?"

I pictured Jean leaving the car outside the Porte de Ville, crossing the footbridge, and tapping at the window as I had done tonight, shedding all the guilt and all the care as soon as he passed the threshold, ridding himself of trouble as I wished to now.

"If you don't remember," she said, "let it alone. It doesn't help the present. Anyway, you told me on Friday that your difficulties and problems were likely to be easier in the future, that you were going to tackle them in a different way. Hasn't the new Jean de Gue been successful after all?"

NOW she was smiling, and the faint mockery in her voice made me realise that she had no faith in him and never would have, and that what I had told her on Friday about wanting to save the foundry and safeguard the people working there had been dismissed as a moment's idle whim born of a drunken mood.

"He's failed," I said, "in precisely the same way that he's failed before. He gives his family what they ask for, through cowardice, through evasion, not only his mother but his daughter, too. The only difference is that once it was done with gaiety and possible charm. Now it's done with reluctance and distaste."

"That could be an advance," she said. "It depends on the point of view." And then the smile faded with the mockery in her voice. She came over to me, and took my hand, and said, "So you didn't shoot today. Do you want me to do anything about this? I hear you burnt yourself."

"Who told you?" I asked.

"One of the guests," she said, "whose sport was not as usual, and who, after lunching at the farm, decided to return to Villars." She was undoing the bandage as she spoke. "I don't suppose this hurts you any more," she added, "but it needs re-dressing. I can manage that for you, if I can't rid you of your sins."

She went out of the room, and I wondered how much more Jean de Gue knew of her than I did, whether their intimacy dated back through months or years, and whether the photograph of the man in uniform on the mantelpiece, with "Georges" written across it, was a likeness of a dead husband. Above all, I wondered how much she enjoyed, despised, accepted, or tolerated,

Continuing . . .

for money or for love, the man who was not me.

She came back with new dressings, as efficient in her own way as Blanche had been in hers, and as she knelt beside me and dressed my hand I said, "I burnt myself on purpose. I did not want to shoot."

This surely would bring surprise to those candid eyes, so that the Jean de Gue she knew so well, whose character and faults could not disgust her, might take on a new aspect, might at least have some idiosyncrasy hitherto unsuspected.

"Why?" she said. "Were you afraid of shooting badly?"

The truth coming from her was such a shock that I did not answer. I waited for her to finish tying the bandage and then withdrew my hand.

"Once before," she said, "your eye was out and your hands were hopeless, after a drinking bout like this one in Le Mans. You made some excuse—I forget what—not to shoot. It was over beyond Montdoubleau, not at St. Gilles. Burning your hand instead is rather drastic. But perhaps it was intended as a penance on the part of the man in charge?"

The irony in the voice was back again, and as she rose to her feet she tapped my shoulder in a gesture half mocking, half affectionate. "Go on," she said, "sit back in the chair and finish your cigarette. I understand you had more to drink than to eat at midday, so possibly you can manage an omelet now."

She must know, then, about the speech as well, the lack of applause, the melting away of the guests. Her informant could be anybody, from the financier to the outraged Marquis de Plessis-Braye. It did not matter much. Disgrace was well established, and the seigneur of St. Gilles had brought no lustre to the day.

I followed her through to the small kitchen and watched her prepare the omelet.

"At any rate," I said to her, "I broke my rule and did not minister to the greed of the guests—on this occasion the greed for flattery and the meaningless banalities one utters on these occasions. I was only trying to be honest. I had no idea it would upset them so much."

"The truth is always embarrassing," she said. "You of all people might have learnt that by now. At a picnic lunch it happens to be misplaced."

"I can't help it," I went on, "if my truth happened to be theirs as well. I only told them that if I had had a gun some of them might not have been alive by the end of the day."

She was busy beating the eggs

The Scapegoat

(from page 40)

with a fork. "Coming from a one-time Resistance leader," she said, "to a group of well-known collaborators, it must have sounded curious, all the same."

I stared at her blankly. It was my secret I had come near to blurring out at the farm, not the jigsaw past of Jean de Gue.

"But that's not what I meant," I said, seeing, through the confusion of wine and smoke and haze that had been the atmosphere of the barn, the scattered, uneasy faces among others that had kept their serenity. "That's not what I meant at all."

"That's what they understood," she said, and the laughter behind her eyes was the same as the twitch at the corner of Gaston's mouth. She neither applauded nor condemned; what had been said was said. "Don't ask me how



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far they deserved the dig, intentional or not. I don't know what was happening here then—I was still trying to get out of Hungary."

Hungary? That helped to explain the Bela, if nothing else, though why she should bear a man's name was more than I could guess.

She poured the eggs into the pan and stood looking at me, the empty bowl and the fork in her hand. "If your newfound sense of responsibility wants to get things straight," she said, "surely there's only one person who can do that for you—your sister Blanche?"

She stared at me for a moment, and then turned to the omelet. And the years that were gone, that I had no business to intrude upon, seemed to merge into a single entity, like the eggs and the butter and the herbs. They could never be separated now, or examined one by one. I was responsible for the present, not the past.

"How long can you stay?" she asked.

"Until the morning."

"No questions asked? No indignant wife or curious mother?"

"No. Gaston will see to that."

She had the omelet on a plate, and the plate on a tray, and the tray in an instant on the table beside the chair in the small salon, the wine uncorked and poured.

"So this new Jean," she said, "is not possessed by his family any more?"

"He never was."

"That's where you're wrong," she said. "The bond isn't easily broken. Wait till tomorrow."

And tomorrow had already come, and the budgerigars sang in their cages on the balcony, the cathedral chimed the half-hour, someone called good-morning to a passer-by in the street below, and the idyll I

had stolen from Jean de Gue was over.

As I drank my coffee, dressed and ready to depart, on the balcony overlooking the canal, I saw that Gaston, faithful to his word, was sitting in the car outside the Porte de Ville. And my moment in time was like a dream within a dream, for I belonged neither to her world nor to the one that waited for me. The lover Bela had held in the night was a shadow who did not exist, and the master for whom Gaston watched was a ghost, dwelling only in his fancy, loved for what he once had been.

The journey to St. Gilles was as silent as the outward one, except for his brief word of assurance that all in the chateau believed me to be in my room. "I let it be known," he said, his eyes straight on the road ahead of him, "that Monsieur le Comte does not wish to be disturbed. I even took the liberty of locking both doors into the dressing-room." He handed me the keys.

"How many times, Gaston," I asked, "have you pulled me out of a scrape of my own making?"

"I have never counted, Monsieur," he said. "It is just something I look upon as part of my duty to Monsieur le Comte, and to his family also."

He did not take the car through the gateway and on to the drive, but circled the enclosing walls of the moat and so through to the garage out-buildings by a side approach. As I walked under the arch and past Cesar's run without disturbing him, and stood for a moment under the cedar-tree, it seemed to me the chateau had never looked more peaceful or more still.

I crossed the terrace under the shuttered windows and went into the dark, cold hall. In some way my very act of intrusion into the still sleeping chateau seemed to break the spell of peace and silence brooding there. I was aware of a sense of disquiet, of foreboding, as if when the house woke it would not be to the clear bright day without, but to some inner trouble that already hovered, malign and watchful, in the shadow of the stairs. I crept up to the first floor and along the corridor to the dressing-room, and turned the key in the lock.

As I opened the door I stepped on to a piece of paper that had been thrust underneath it. It was pink, with a sprig of flowers in one corner, the kind of paper, I remembered dimly, that was packed

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

in boxes with envelopes to match and given to children on birthdays or at Christmas. It said, in round, unformed letters, "My Papa, you told me you would not go away, and I believed you. But you didn't come to say goodnight, and your door is locked. The Sainte Vierge tells me you are unhappy, and are suffering now for wrong done in the past, so I am going to pray that all your sins may be visited upon me, who, being young and strong, can bear them better. Sleep well, and have faith in Marie-Noel, who loves you dearly."

I put the paper in my pocket and sat down in a chair by the open window. The sense of oppression deepened. Some force had been put in motion which was no longer within my control. I wished now that I had never left the chateau, never had those hours of release in Villars.

I went on sitting by the window, waiting for the customary time when Gaston would bring my tray. It must have been a little before eight when I first heard the hurrying footsteps along the corridor, the knocking on the bedroom door—Francoise's, not mine, and the confused babble of voices, exclamations, cries. Then, on the bathroom door, which I had not yet unlocked, there came a sudden further knocking, a rattling at the handle, and the voice of Francoise herself, urgent, shrill. "Jean, Jean, are you awake?"

I leapt from my chair by the window, took the key out of my pocket, and opened the door. She was standing in her nightgown, wan and pale, and behind her Germaine, and beyond, in the bedroom, the gaunt, accusing figure of Blanche watching me without a word.

I put out my hand to steady Francoise. "It's all right," I said. "You don't have to tell me. It's Maman, isn't it?"

Her eyes swept me, incredulous, and so over my shoulder to the dressing-room. "Maman?" she said. "Of course not. Why should there be anything wrong with Maman? It's the child. She's disappeared. Germaine has just been to call her, and the bed hasn't been slept in. She didn't even undress. If she hasn't been with you, then she's nowhere in the chateau—she's vanished, gone!"

Their faces were turned to mine. I could see Paul, half-dressed, standing at the bedroom door with Renee beside him, both roused by the same summons. As head of the house I was responsible: decisions, plans must come from me. Francoise, shivering without a wrapper, was my first concern. "Get back into bed," I said. "We'll soon find her. You can't do anything about it."

Blanche led her, crying, protesting, back to bed.

"She's probably in the park, or in the woods," I said. "It's no so unusual for a child to get up early. Do we all have to become hysterical?"

"But her bed has not been slept in, I tell you!" cried Francoise. "Germaine went in to call her, and the nightdress was lying folded, the sheets turned down, and nothing had been touched."

Germaine also was in tears, her plump red face suffused, her eyes swollen. "The bed was as I left it yesterday evening, Monsieur le Comte," she whimpered. "The child has not undressed. She had gone off wearing her best frock and her thin shoes."

"Who was the last to see her?" I asked. "What time did she go to bed?"

"She was with Blanche," said Francoise. "Blanche was reading to her, weren't you, Blanche? She sent her to bed about half-past nine. She was restless and excitable."

I glanced at Blanche. Her face was set and strained. She did not look at me. "It's always the same," she said to Francoise. "Her father upsets her, works on her feelings, and she is capable of any foolishness after that."

"But Marie-Noel didn't see Jean all evening!" interrupted Renee. "Jean was asleep in his room. The mistake everyone makes is allowing the child to appear on every occasion and mix with adults. Yesterday she tried to be the centre of the picture throughout the day. I noticed it in particular. Of course she became over-excited."

"I had the impression she was quieter than usual," said Paul, "more subdued, at any rate in the evening. It's not surprising, when you think what happened during the day. I should imagine we're the laughing-stock of the country, from Villars to Le Mans. You missed nothing," he added to

To page 44



Contributions are invited for our Sweet and Sour Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for The Nicest Compliment and The Best Backhander. Here are this week's winners.

THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

ONE day I was standing near a friend who was big and tall. I told him that he made me feel small and insignificant. He replied: "No, you are just the right size. Heart high."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. B. Ireland, Queen St., Uralla, N.S.W.

Send your entries to "The Nicest Compliment" or "The Best Backhander," *The Australian Women's Weekly*, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

THE BEST BACKHANDER

DURING World War II I was selected by a Bundaberg committee as City Queen to raise £7000 to send to England to buy a Spitfire.

After the selection a committeeman in his speech said:

"I am pleased this candidate has been selected because she is capable of mixing with the highest and the lowest in the land."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. Susie Comans, 82 Sussex St., Maryborough, Qld.



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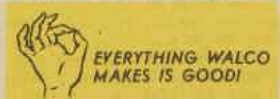
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Francoise, "you were well out of it."

Francoise, with swimming eyes, turned from him to me. "Did you drink so much?" she said. "What in the world will people think?"

Germaine, goggle-eyed, watched us from her corner.

"Go and tell Gaston to start searching the grounds," I said to her. "Tell him to get hold of Joseph, too, and anyone else who's about. Monsieur Paul and I will be down directly."

"If you want to know what I think," said Paul, "it's this. The child has run away because Jean made an exhibition of himself in public. She was ashamed. So were we all."

"Marie-Noel was not ashamed," said Renee. "I heard her telling everyone that Jean was the most courageous man in the world and nobody but herself knew why."

"Courageous? What did she mean by courageous?" asked Francoise.

"It did take courage of a sort," said Paul, "deliberately to wreck the day for those who had taken infinite trouble to try and make it a success. It was a curious thing that, out of about fifty people invited here after the shoot was over, only twenty or so turned up. It's not the personal slight I mind, but the slight on the family."

"It was the weather," said Renee. "Everyone was wet through."

The bickering was interrupted by a knock on the door, and we all turned, in hope and expectation, but it was only Charlotte, self-importance upon her thin, mean face.

"Excuse me, Monsieur le Comte, and you, too, Madame la Comtesse Jean," she said. "I have just heard about the child. I think I was the last to see her. When I went upstairs last night I happened to see her kneeling outside the dressing-room door. She wanted to say goodnight to her Papa. She could not make you hear, Monsieur le Comte."

"That's not surprising," said Paul.

"Why didn't she try my door, then?" asked Francoise. "I was not asleep. She must have known perfectly well that she had only to knock and I would have answered."

"That was my fault, Madame la Comtesse Jean," said Charlotte. "I told the child on no account to disturb her Papa, who must have so much on his mind at the present time, or to disturb you, Madame, who needs sleep so badly with the little one soon to be born. A little playmate, I told her, sent from paradise, whom she must learn to love and cherish."

The small button eyes flickered towards me and fell, and she looked from one to the other of us with a half-smile, servile, obsequious, upon her pinched mauve lips. I thought of the dressing-room adjoining that other bedroom in the tower, and I knew that because of the rearranging of the boxes in the cupboard above the wash-basin she must be aware of my visit there last night. She would not betray me, any more than she would betray herself. I was an accomplice, and I hated the fact, but there was nothing I could do to alter it.

"Well," I asked, "what happened next?"

"She seemed a little upset, Monsieur le Comte. I was quite shocked. She said, 'My Papa needs me, and nobody else. He only wants a boy to bring money into the family.' Those were her words. I told her it was not the way to speak, and that Monsieur le Comte would not approve, or anyone in St. Gilles. When the baby comes we shall all love him, I said, from her Papa down to Cesar,

we had all waited for him so long. Then she came with me as far as the service door, and on to her own staircase, and I went above to Madame la Comtesse, who was sleeping peacefully, like an angel."

Who was, in fact, lying unconscious, because of what I had done to her. Perhaps it was the same thing. It did not greatly matter now. The only thing that mattered was that Marie-Noel was missing, and she was missing because I had gone to Villars instead of staying at the chateau.

"Is it possible, Mademoiselle," suggested Charlotte, turning to Blanche, "that the little one has run down to the church? After all"—she hesitated, watching me an instant, the expression of servility on her face deepening—"if she has anything on her mind of which she is ashamed, she would surely go to Monsieur le Comte and ask to make her confession?"

"No," said Blanche, "she would come first to me."

PAUL shrugged his shoulders. "It would be more to the point if we all dressed, wouldn't it?" he asked. "Blanche can go down to the cure, while Jean and I search the grounds with Gaston. That is," he added, throwing me a glance, "if you're sufficiently recovered from yesterday."

Without answering, I turned and went back into the dressing-room, and crossing to the window looked down into the moat. There was nothing in it but the tangled grass, the ivy and the weeds. It was only in imagination that I saw the small body in the blue dress lying in the ditch, broken and useless.

It was Gaston who came to tell me that the dog was missing. Joseph had gone to feed him, and had found the kennel empty. This news brought an odd sense of relief. If Marie-Noel had taken Cesar with her he would act as protector, at least from this world's dangers. Nor would a child bent on self-destruction take a dog with her.

Once outside the chateau, Paul and the men and I divided between us the ground to be searched, and my territory took me towards the scene of yesterday's shoot.

I knew, tramping the long ride, climbing the ditches in the black woods, that she would not be there, in front of me, a small Artemis with her hound at the end of the ride, or a babe in the woods asleep at the foot of a tree. It was only an excuse I set myself because there was nowhere else to search, and the shouts and the halloos of the rest of them, closer to the chateau grounds, could not reach me here, with their irritating, useless frequency. It was as idle to call as to prod a haystack with a fork, which I had seen Joseph do in all seriousness. If the child wanted to be found she would be found, not there, not here, but waiting, hidden, before her own symbolic shrine.

When I broke finally from the forest and emerged into fields once more, I saw that my walk had brought me in a half-circle, and there, a couple of fields away, were the foundry sheds, half obscured by a fence enclosing their plot of ground, and the chimney itself, a pencil against the sky. I climbed under the wire surrounding the wood, crossed the fields, and, opening a small gate embedded in briar and nettles, came once more to the apple orchard behind the master's house. The windows, facing west, were blank and dim, but the tangled garden glistened like raindrops. The house slept, yet was not desolate. The creeping vine protected the windows and the

Continuing . . .

walls, and the teeming garden and orchard, spilling vegetables and fruit that were never gathered, seemed an echo and a promise from a past still unfulfilled—a past that became suddenly blended with the present because of a half-open window beside the blistered door, a window that on my visit only three days before had been fast shut and crusted with the years.

As I watched, I saw someone come to the window and stand there, looking out at me. When I stood beside the window I saw the figure was Julie, and she had her finger to her lips for silence.

"You came quickly," she whispered. "I sent word to the chateau only ten minutes ago. I could get no reply by telephone."

Her words had no meaning for me. Yet I was afraid. The brown eyes, usually so warm and full of life, were troubled.

"I had no message," I said. "I came by chance."

I climbed through the window into the room. It was the same that I had entered before, where the furniture was stored, the one-time salon of the master's house. The windows faced two ways: the one

The Scapegoat

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"Poor little one," said Julie. "It is always at this age they take fancies into their heads. This one is religious, like Mademoiselle Blanche. It will pass."

She patted the blanket, her hand brown and strong and wrinkled like her face, her thumb-nail black with soil. The letter in my pocket, which had seemed precious, a key to unlock a door, became suddenly a scrap without meaning. I had a vision of it found in a forgotten drawer, years later, by a woman looking like Blanche, who, before throwing it into the waste-paper basket with a frown, wondered when she had written it, and why, remembering nothing of the suffering and pain she had taken with her to the well.

The child stirred in her sleep but did not wake. The blankets, rough and hairy, brushed her chin. It would be simpler after all if she could stay there, poised in time, without the turmoil of the years to come. To Julie she was a seedling requiring sun; to me, something of my own self lost. In the dark the two combined together in a single point of pain.

FOR THE CHILDREN



where Julie stood looked out upon the orchard and the garden, the other to the well.

A shaft of sunlight fell upon the child, white and still under a heap of blankets, and upon the dog, his muzzle between his paws, stretched at her feet. It was what my fancy had conjured, yet, strangely, more poignant still. Not dripping from a pool, not torn or mangled, merely alone, a speck in isolation.

"One of the workmen found her because of Cesar," said Julie. "The dog was standing guard beside the well. She must have climbed down the ladder to the bottom and lain there, among the glass and rubble, all the night. She was asleep when he brought her up, and she was sleeping still when he carried her into the house and called to me."

Asleep. I had thought her dead. I turned to Julie, but the wrinkled face was puzzled and awed, not stricken. Still whispering, taking me by the arm, she said, "It was Madame la Comtesse who walked in her sleep in the old days. It is perhaps part of the little one's inheritance, Monsieur Jean. No doubt she had something on her mind."

I felt in my pocket for the scrap of paper. It belonged to Jean de Gue, yet it was also mine. Mine, too, the image of the drugged woman on her pillow. Jean de Gue's mother had smiled when I took away her pain, but I had not carried it far: I had left it with his child instead.

you were so high. And now you're nearly forty, and it's too late to change. You can't bring back your young days any more than you can bring back poor Monsieur Duval, whose only crime was trying to preserve the family business while you were absent, for which you and your little group of patriots called him a collaborator, and shot him, and let him die there in the well."

She looked at me with pity, as she had done before, and I realised that her words were neither accusation nor condemnation. She knew, his family knew, the whole countryside knew that Jean de Gue had killed Maurice Duval. Only I, the substitute, had not been sure.

"Julie," I said, "where were you the night he was shot?"

"In my lodge by the gates," she answered. "I saw nothing, I heard everything. It was not my business then, or now. It's finished, done with, a matter for your conscience, not for mine."

Her hand was still on my shoulder as we heard a lorry turn into the gates.

"Julie," I repeated, "did you like Maurice Duval?"

"We all liked him," she said. "No one could help it. He had all the qualities you lacked. That was why Monsieur le Comte your father made him master of the foundry. I'm sorry, Monsieur Jean, but it's true."

I could hear footsteps coming across the waste ground towards the house, and voices, too, but the jutting wall of the sheds obscured the view. Julie turned her head.

"They got my message," she said. "Someone has come from the chateau. Perhaps you can carry the child to the car and back to her bed, and she will never know that she walked here in her sleep."

"She didn't walk in her sleep," I said. "She came deliberately. She wanted to climb down into the well. Everything you've just said goes to prove it."

My lie to Marie-Noel about my burnt hand, my behaviour at the shoot, my evasion of all combined to make her think her father penitent. She had atoned for his deed in her own way, by acting the part of the victim. Only by doing this could she bring him absolution. I felt for the letter in my pocket and read it once again. It wasn't a scrap of paper after all: it was a testament of faith.

SOMEONE was entering the house by the office. Footsteps were crossing the kitchen and the little hall, and passing to the nearer room. Julie went to the door, her fingers raised to her lips for silence.

"Quietly," she whispered. "The child is still asleep."

I thought it would be Gaston or Paul. It was neither. It was Blanche.

"Mademoiselle?" exclaimed Julie, and the wonder in her voice, the astonishment, the swift glance back to me and to the furniture stored against the wall betrayed some sudden emotion that she had not shown hitherto.

"You need not have come, Mademoiselle," she said. "I sent a message that the little one was safe. I have been watching her, and Monsieur le Comte arrived only ten minutes or so ago."

Blanche said nothing. She went straight to Marie-Noel and knelt beside her, gently turning the blanket, and I saw that the child had on a coat over her blue frock, and thick stockings and shoes that she had not worn the night before. The clothes were marked with lime and dust, and torn in

several places, and I saw clearly each movement of the preceding night: the freeing of the dog, her walk through the rain, the dark buildings of the glass-foundry outlined against the sky, the black hollow of the empty well, and then step by step, clutching the ladder, the slow descent, her coat brushing the green lime wall and at the bottom, among the glass and rubble, the small round patch of night high above her.

Blanche, still kneeling at her side, turned to Julie. "Where did you find her?" she asked, her voice so low I could hardly hear the words.

Julie, for the first time strained, nonplussed, threw me a questioning glance although in doubt for an answer.

"It was Ernest, who lives next door to me, who discovered her, Mademoiselle," she said, "here, inside the house. Didn't he tell you?"

"He told me inside a shed," she answered, "but the sheds are always locked at night. She has been lying among broken glass and lime."

Inside the house or inside the shed, both were lies. Why did Ernest and Julie lie to Blanche? Julie had not lied to me. Blanche stared steadily at Julie, and Julie, who had been direct and frank, became another woman, lost, confused, with a sudden running babble of words about misunderstanding, Ernest, she had not listened properly, she had been at the back of her lodge letting out the chickens when he had come to tell her that he had found the little one asleep in the master's house.

"Her pockets are full of glass," said Blanche. "Did you know that?"

Julie did not answer. Once again she looked at me as if for help, and Blanche, feeling in the child's coat-pocket, drew out a handful of minuscule objects, a jug no larger than a thumb-nail, a vase, a flacon, all miniature yet perfectly formed, and among them a replica of the chateau of St. Gilles, diminutive yet unmistakable, two towers smashed.

"These have not been made since before the war," said Blanche. "I ought to know, since I helped design them."

For the first time she looked about the room and away from the child—at the tables and the chairs and the bookshelves and the trunks, all of them stored there, untouched and unused. And suddenly, in a flash of comprehension, I realised that what she was looking at had once been part of her life. This empty room was as familiar to her as the child, stark bedroom at the chateau, but animated, joyful, not dead as it was now.

This dusty salon in the master's house was to have been a place possessed by two people who loved each other well, both faithful to the past and to tradition, both looking to a future that might, when war was finished, prove stable and secure. But something had gone amiss, sorrow had turned inward, creation ceased, the Cross she knelt before in her bedroom was not a Saviour but her own hope crucified.

On impulse, I took the letter out of my pocket and gave it to her. As she read it, lips moving, following the words, I knew that what had happened on a dark night nearly fifteen years ago had not come about by chance, but was something planned and done deliberately by a man without heart or feeling, who saw perhaps, in the other, someone finer than himself, possessing, as Julie had told me only a few moments before, all the qualities he himself lacked.

"The little one has blood on

To page 46

★★★ REACH FOR THE SKY

Biographical drama, with Kenneth More, Muriel Pavlow, Dorothy Alison. A Rank film. State, Sydney.

THE life-story of legless R.A.F. hero Douglas Bader, brought to the screen under the technical supervision of his old friend Group - Captain Harry Day, captures closely the spirit of Paul Brickhill's book.

The casting of More, formerly a light romantic comedian, as Bader was an inspiration. Excellently made though it is, the film rests weightily on his shoulders. To all intents and purposes he is Bader, cocky, courageous, extrovert, and rebellious.

Short in build, More has a strong physical likeness to the man he portrays.

His management of the role after the amputations is a remarkably sustained piece of ingenuity.

The role of Bader's wife, Thelma, is played in a charmingly sympathetic way by Muriel Pavlow, but it is Dorothy Alison—usually not too fortunate in her casting—who touches the heart as Grace, the nurse who did so much to get Bader on to his tin logs.

The film begins with the brash young cadet pilot Bader reporting to Cranwell for instruction, and, with a little telescoping of events here and there, notably after he bails out over France, ends with him leading the great 1945 victory fly-past over London.

It has an authentic ring, both in pre-war training scenes (providing many lighter moments) and those of wartime fighter stations.

In a word: **INSPIRING.**

New Film Releases

★★★ FOREIGN INTRIGUE

Mystery thriller, with Robert Mitchum, Genevieve Page. In Eastman Color. Plaza, Sydney.

FROM the opening scene an exciting new touch in production and direction makes itself felt in this excellent independently made film.

The man responsible is former top U.S. television producer Sheldon Reynolds, in this case responsible for production, script, and direction.

In a film that offers a pocket Cook's tour of Europe, he has provided some fabulous interiors, a Balmain wardrobe for his feminine players, some excellent Swedish exteriors, and a handpicked cast that makes use of Europe's vast treasure-house of supporting acting talent.

The death on the Riviera of an internationally celebrated millionaire sets off a train of events that involves his Press agent, Mitchum, in a web of blackmail and intrigue stretching across the face of Europe.

French actress Genevieve Page, a most pleasing and decorative newcomer, is the dead millionaire's dangerous wife. Two Swedish actresses, Ingrid Tulcan and Inga Tidblad, as daughter and mother, lend the film further fresh casting interest.

This undoubtedly is Robert Mitchum's year. Having won critical acclaim in "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison," his career must get a further lift from his handling of the lead role here.

And for those who have yet

to be convinced — he even speaks French!

Original photography and an unerring sense of the dramatic sustain the tension.

In a word: **INTRIGUES.**

★ GUN GLORY

M.G.M. Western drama, with Stewart Granger, Rhonda Fleming. In Metrocolor CinemaScope. St. James, Sydney.

THERE'S plenty of gun, but not much glory in this film that has Stewart Granger, with a gunman's reputation and a gambler's cigar, trying to reinstate himself with the son and the sleepy farming community he deserted years before.

But getting back into the good graces of his son and the community is hampered when he kills a man. The victim is the trigger-happy helper of a cattle baron, who wants to drive a mob of cattle through the peaceful farmlands.

Providentially, a beautiful redhead, Rhonda Fleming, is forced to leave the employ of her lecherous guardian, and so becomes available to keep house for Granger in place of his dead wife.

Naturally, Granger is the man to save the valley, and in doing so he wins not only Rhonda, an exceptionally pretty girl, but the respect of his son and of those who are left of the male community after the shooting ends.

Granger's debut as a parent of an adolescent son shows a graceful acceptance of his years that could well be emulated by half a dozen hardened Western heroes.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★ Excellent
- ★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars—below average

The boy in this film, which has the virtue of striving after simplicity, is played agreeably by Steve Rowland, real-life son of its director.

In a word: **UNSURPRISING.**

★ SEVEN MEN FROM NOW

Warner Western, with Randolph Scott, Gail Russell, Lee Marvin. Warner-color. Palace, Sydney.

THIS film opens with Randolph Scott shooting two men, and it is not until the picture is halfway through that you find out why.

A former sheriff, he is out to avenge the death of his wife, who was killed in an armed hold-up by seven bandits.

After two of the seven are disposed of, Scott meets Gail Russell and her husband, Walter Reed, and together they ride into what is possibly the most barren prairie in the U.S.

In the desert he meets Lee Marvin, a gunman well known to him, from Silver Springs.

Not only does Scott get the seven men he set out to but a few more are killed on the side.

Gail Russell makes a welcome reappearance on the screen after being absent for some time. How she manages to keep herself so well groomed in the desert is a mystery.

Scott and Marvin are old "Western" hands, and both give creditable performances.

In a word: **GORY.**

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BIG PRIZES FOR SHORT STORIES

● Readers are reminded that our Fiction Contest, organised in conjunction with the short-story section of the International Correspondence Schools, closes on August 5.

Prizes are as follows:

- £50 each for the six best stories.
- £100 for the best story by author who has never had any writing published.
- £100 for the story voted best by our readers.
- Three prizes of £50, £25, and £10 each to readers for the best comments on their choice.

Stories should be between 3000 and 5000 words, must be original, and not previously published. Entries should bear the author's name and address (including State) on each page, and should be addressed Short Story Contest, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. They must be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for return of manuscripts.

Entries by competitors who have never had any writings published should be marked "Unpublished."

First Australian publication rights of the prize-winning stories will be retained by The Australian Women's Weekly. It also reserves the right to buy six stories, other than the prize-winners, at £25 each, and any others at the usual rate of payment under the same conditions.

The judges will be the Editor, Fiction Editor, and Fiction Department staff of The Australian Women's Weekly.

No correspondence will be entered into concerning the awards.

Employees of the International Correspondence Schools and of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and employees' families are not eligible to enter.

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Continuing . . . The Scapegoat

from page 44

her hands," said Julie suddenly. "I did not notice it when I covered her with the blankets."

Blanche gave me back the letter without a word, and together we knelt beside the child. Taking the small clenched fists, Blanche opened one hand and I the other. In the hollow of each palm was the red weal of a recent cut, but the cut now dry, not bleeding. The hands were clean—there was no dust, no glass. I said nothing; nor did Blanche. Then slowly she raised her eyes.

"Julie," she said, "I want you to tell Jacques to telephone to Monsieur le Cure and ask him to come here at once. Then look in the directory for the number of the convent of the Sacre-Coeur at Lauray, and find out if it would be possible for the Mother Superior to speak to Mademoiselle de Gue."

Julie, bewildered, looked from Blanche to me.

"No," I said. "No . . ."

The urgency in my voice roused Cesar. He stood on guard, ready to defend the child.

"Are you mad?" I said to Blanche. "Don't you realise she did it on purpose, that she did it for me, because I burnt my hand in the fire?"

"Julie," said Blanche, "do what I tell you."

I went and stood by the door, my back against it. Julie, distressed, looked from Blanche to me.

"There is no need for Monsieur le Cure," she said. "The child has not come to any harm. She has only cut herself with glass. It is full of glass at the bottom of the well."

"The well?" said Blanche. "She climbed into the well?"

Julie realised her mistake too late. The words were spoken. "Why, yes, Mademoiselle," she said. "What if she did climb into the well and lie there in the depths of it all night? It has been dry for fifteen years. What if she walked here to the foundry asleep or awake, for both our sakes, or for her own, poor little one, because she has too much imagination? Does it make any difference to what is past and gone? Why doesn't someone in the chateau look after her properly, and love her for herself? It isn't the stigma on her hands you want to look for, but what will be happening to her soon, in her own body."

Blanche turned white. Emotion, long controlled, fought for release. "How dare you blaspheme, how dare you?" she said, her voice outraged, passionate. "I've watched over the child since she was born."

I've loved her, trained her, brought her up as if she were my own, because her mother is a fool and her father a devil. I won't let her suffer in this world as I have suffered. She was made for another world, another life. These marks on her hands are proof of it. God Himself is speaking to us, through her."

The tenderness had gone, the pathos, too. The Blanche who had come into the master's house so full of memories, looking for the lost child, was another woman, fanatical, bitter, seeking a victim in the one she wished to save.

THE Seigneur does not act in that way, Mademoiselle," said Julie. "If he wants to call the child to Himself, He will do so in His own good time, and not because Monsieur le Comte killed the man you loved. The little one will suffer in this world only because of what you do to her; yes, you, and her father, and her grandmother, and everybody up at the chateau. You are used-up, spent, good-for-nothing, the whole lot of you. They are right, the people who say it is time we had another revolution in this country, if only to rid ourselves of the jealousy and hate you have helped to spread. Now, look . . . you have woken her, the damage is done."

Yet it was Julie herself whose voice, loud and indignant, had caused Cesar to bark and the bark to startle the child. Marie-Noel, her eyes suddenly open and alive with curiosity, stared at us from the heap of blankets. She sat up, instantly alert, staring at each one of us in turn.

"I've had the most atrocious dream," she said.

Blanche bent over her at once, her arms round her in protection.

"It's all right, my chérie," she said. "You're safe, you're with me. I'm going to take you where they will understand you and look after you. It will never happen again, the horror and the fear in the well."

Marie-Noel looked at her calmly.

"It was not horrible, nor was I frightened," she replied. "Germaine said it was haunted, but I never saw a ghost. The foundry is a happy place. It's the chateau that is full of ghosts."

Cesar, reassured by the sound of her voice, settled himself at her feet. Marie-Noel patted his

head. "He's hungry, and so am I. Can we go across to the cottage with Madame Yves and get some bread?"

The telephone started ringing from the office at the end of the house. The sudden peal of it jerked us to reality. Julie moved automatically to the door. I opened it, and Blanche rose slowly to her feet. Faced with the living present, the three of us acted instinctively. Only the child looked troubled.

"I hope that's not the beginning of it," she said.

"The beginning of what?" I asked.

"The beginning of my ferocious dream." Pushing aside the blankets she stood up, dusted her coat, and put her hand in mine. "The Sainte Vierge is anxious about all of us," she said. "She told me Gran'mie wanted Maman to die. In the dream I wanted her to die, too. So did you. We were all guilty. It was very wicked. Isn't there something you can do to prevent it coming true?"

Jacques must have gone into the office, for the ringing ceased, and through the open door and the empty rooms beyond I heard his low voice speaking. Julie passed me without a word and went to the kitchen, and after a moment Jacques' voice ceased, there came the murmur of them both in discussion, and then Julie reappeared through the kitchen door. She stood motionless, then beckoned. I left Marie-Noel and went to her.

"It was Charlotte asking for Monsieur Paul," she said. "I told her you were here with Mademoiselle Blanche. She said would you both go home at once to the chateau. There has been an accident. She said not to take the child . . ."

This time intuition had not lied. Julie lowered her eyes. I looked over my shoulder to the inner room. Marie-Noel was kneeling, turning the small glass flacons out of her pocket, and arranging them, line upon line, upon the dusty floor. As she placed the chateau at the head, with its broken tower, she caught sight of her hands, and turning them, palms outward, called to Blanche.

"I must have cut myself," she said. "I don't remember how. Will the cuts fade and leave no mark, or will you have to bandage me as you did Papa?"

To be continued

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EMBROIDERY MOTIFS



FIGURES OF CHILDREN AND ANIMALS from our "Down on the Farm" embroidery transfer No. 145 are illustrated above. The transfer sheet has 24 wonderful designs for nursery decoration or children's wear. It is available from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, C.P.O., Sydney. Price, 2/6.

APPLE PIE—made from a man's simple recipe



1—RUB shortening into sifted dry ingredients in a large basin, using fingertips only, until mixture resembles fine crumbs. Then add sugar.

HERE is a man's recipe for apple pie—the popular dessert that is a favorite with all members of the family at all times of the year.

The simple recipe below was sent by Mr. John C. Lesnie, of Auckland, New Zealand, and we have illustrated, in step-by-step pictures, the method of making it. Serve a big wedge of this apple pie heaped with cream or ice-cream or serve with golden custard.

Pastry: Eight ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. plain flour, pinch salt, 4oz. castor sugar, 2 eggs.

Filling: Three cups thinly sliced apples, 4oz. sugar.

Sift flours and salt into basin, rub in butter or substitute. Add sugar and beaten eggs, mix to a stiff dough, adding a little milk or water if necessary. Turn on to a floured board, knead lightly. Divide dough into two, one piece slightly larger than the other. Roll large piece out to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness, line a 9 in. or 10 in. sandwich-tin. Fill with layers of sliced apples, sprinkling each layer with sugar. Roll out balance of pastry to fit top, moisten edges, press together. Trim and decorate edge, cut small slits in top. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, cook further 45 minutes.



2—LIFT pastry (above) into pie-plate or tin, being careful not to stretch it.



3—BRUSH edge (above) with milk or water before covering with pastry. For an added spicy flavor sprinkle a little cinnamon through apples with sugar.

4—DECORATE edge (left) with a pinched frill or mark with a fork. If a crisp topping is desired, glaze with egg-white and sprinkle with sugar before baking.

5—A SLICE of crisp, golden pastry (below) encasing layers of tender, sweet apples is a dessert to delight all hearty appetites. Serve either hot or cold.

PRIZE RECIPE

AN interesting savory recipe for stuffed onions enclosed in short-crust pastry wins this week's prize of £5 for Mrs. F. Taff, 29 Thorne Street, East Geelong, Vic., in our recipe contest.

CURRIED ONION CRISPS

Eight medium-sized onions, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped sautéed bacon, 1 cup minced cooked liver, 2oz. chopped nuts, 1 diced apple, 1 level teaspoon curry powder, 2oz. soft breadcrumbs, 1 egg, salt, pepper, 12oz. short-crust pastry.

Peel onions, cook in boiling salted water 5 minutes. Drain, remove centres. Combine bacon, liver, nuts, apple, curry powder, and breadcrumbs, bind with beaten egg, season to taste with salt and pepper. Fill mixture into cavity in onions. Roll pastry thinly, cut into 5 in. squares. Place one onion on each piece of pastry; wrap by moistening edge and bringing the four points up to the centre and pressing together. Brush with milk, place on greased tray, and bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate, cook further 10 minutes. Serve hot.

Readers are invited to enter interesting and unusual recipes in our popular recipe contest, in which prizes are awarded each week.

Entries should be typed or written in ink on one side of the paper only. Please write sender's full name and address, including State, on each page. Mark envelopes Recipe Contest and address them to Box 1688, G.P.O., Sydney.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 31, 1957

NEW! Keen's Curry



Only by Tasting...

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BE YOUR OWN HANDY MAN. Buy the "Practical Householder," the monthly magazine that tells you how to do those odd jobs. Price 2/- at all news-agents.



Send the family off with nourishing Kraft Cheddar Cheese sandwiches — and a flask of beefy Bonox

Turn winter sandwiches into sustaining meals



"In cold weather we need extra nourishing meals — because our bodies quickly burn up food for warmth and energy", says Elizabeth Cooke, Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert.

A sure way to give your family more wintertime nourishment is to pack lunch sandwiches with the food values of a main course meal.

Just do this—make golden Kraft Cheddar Cheese an essential ingredient in every cut lunch. It takes a gallon of milk to make every pound of Kraft Cheddar Cheese. This creamy goodness of milk provides more strengthening protein than sirloin beef, *plus* essential vitamins, valuable milk minerals, and calcium and phosphorous. Kraft Cheddar provides a nourishing lunch for all the family.

Eight quick and tasty sandwich ideas:

- Cooked crumbled bacon, Kraft Cheddar.
- Kraft Cheddar, sliced hard-boiled egg.
- Kraft Old English, grated carrot and Kraft Mayonnaise.
- Chopped nuts, Kraft Cheddar and Vegemite.
- Kraft Cheddar, slices of cold meat and Bonox.
- Thinly sliced onion, Kraft Old English and peanut butter.
- Kraft Cheddar, scrambled egg and chopped parsley.
- Chopped dates and nuts, Kraft Cheddar.

Everyone will enjoy these sustaining sandwiches.



Kraft Cheddar is available in the familiar blue 8-oz. packet, 1-oz. portions, the family size 2-lb. pack or sliced from the 5-lb. loaf.

Kraft Old English is made for those who prefer a packaged cheese with a stronger flavour. Available in the red 8-oz. packet and 1-oz. portions.



K Cheese is a wonderful food and **KRAFT** makes wonderful cheeses

Debbie makes

Spaghetti Bolognaise

● This week Debbie, our teenage chef, shows how to make her favorite winter casserole, Spaghetti Bolognaise.

DEBBIE serves this easily prepared savory dish to her friends at record evenings or when she brings home the crowd after an early movie. She makes it well beforehand so it requires only reheating in a moderate oven for 25 to 30 minutes before serving. Sufficient for eight to ten persons.

Debbie, using level spoon measurements, first assembled the following ingredients:

One tablespoon vegetable or peanut oil, 1 clove garlic, 2 onions, 2lb. minced steak, 1lb. tomatoes, 1 cup water or stock, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper to taste, pinch herbs, 1lb. spaghetti, 1 cup grated cheese, butter or substitute, parsley.

She heated the oil in a large frying-pan (a saucepan can be used instead) and cooked the crushed garlic and chopped onion until lightly browned. Surplus oil was then drained off the pan, the steak added, and browned well with frequent stirring. Debbie then added the washed, chopped tomatoes, water (stock can be used instead), and various flavorings and seasonings. She covered the pan and let it simmer until the meat was tender, then folded in the spaghetti (cooked in boiling salted water and drained).

Turning it into an oven-ware dish, she topped it with half the grated cheese, dotted it with butter, baked it 10 minutes in a moderate oven.

The Spaghetti Bolognaise was garnished with parsley and served with the remaining cheese in a separate bowl.



ADD finely chopped onion and crushed garlic to the frying-pan, in which the oil has been heated. Fry, stirring constantly, until the contents are light golden-brown in color.



CHOP the tomatoes into rough pieces and remove cores before adding to frying-pan. If tomatoes have thick skins it is always best to peel them before chopping them up.



POUR the cooked, drained spaghetti into meat-and-tomato mixture. Do not overcook spaghetti, because it will mash or perhaps break up during final cooking or reheating.



SPRINKLE grated cheese topping over spaghetti and meat and place in moderate oven until cheese becomes brown and bubbly. Use a good tasty cheese for better flavor.

SERVE Spaghetti Bolognaise piping hot with the traditional bowl of tasty, grated cheese alongside.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 31, 1957

Now! A new wonder formula for Australia's most popular shampoo

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Wonder-foam



"I never wash my hair with soap. I shampoo with 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam", says lovely Victoria Shaw, co-starring with Tyrone Power and Kim Novak in Columbia's "The Eddy Duchin Story".

Here's why 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam cleans faster — and is so wonderfully gentle.

'Vaseline' Wonder-foam is based on a new, improved American formula—developed after years of study on women's hair care problems. 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam bursts into a new kind of lather. You feel almost instantly a thick, soapless foam—rich and fragrant. Tiny, active bubbles work gently on the oils of your scalp—will not dry them out—but free them of dirt, dust and dandruff.

'Vaseline' Wonder-foam rinses out quickly, completely. Your hair comes alive with its full natural colour. Perfect for oily, normal or dry hair and any shade of blonde, redhead or brunette. 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam is so gentle you can shampoo the children's hair, too.

Now, in the new, improved formula, 'Wonder-foam' is at all chemists in 4 sizes: small 3/9, large 5/6, plastic bubble 1/3 and giant economy bottle 8/6.



'Vaseline' Wonder-foam Shampoo

'Vaseline' is a registered trade mark of Chesebrough-Pond's International Ltd.

RS/5

BACKACHE swiftly checked

Are you afraid to bend or stoop? Do nagging backaches, aching joints make life a misery? These pains could be due to listless kidneys not carrying out their vital job of removing harmful wastes from the blood. These wastes can cause backache, rheumatic pains, loss of energy, disturbed nights, leg pains, etc. At first sign of kidney upset, follow the lead of sufferers all over the world — get Doan's Backache-Kidney Pills. Doan's should bring swift, comforting relief and set those lazy kidneys to work again.

♡♡♡♡♡
Staisweet
Stay as sweet as you are with
Staisweet
The Deodorant you can trust
Staisweet
♡♡♡♡♡

Page 49

Hills FOLDING CHAIRS

TUBE STEEL FRAME WILL LAST A LIFETIME!



Year round usefulness, indoors, or out, comes with Hills Folding Chairs. Frames open or fold with one movement and are scientifically designed for great strength. Washable "Vynex" trims are in a full range of modern patterned and plain tones. These chairs never wear out—use them anywhere, and fold and store away when not required, light to carry, compact, secure when opened. Ideal for homes, offices, reception rooms, halls, canteens, etc.



Hills comfort chair—

One piece "Hammock" type seat and back in plain or patterned washable "Vynex". Folds to 21in. x 24in. x 25in. An extremely comfortable chair.
Chrome finish 147/-
Baked Enamel 109/6



Hills "Handi-stool"—

Reversible folding action enables either side of seat to be uppermost. Very strong frame—easily replaceable seat, 19/9.

From all Furniture, Department and Hardware Stores.

Hills HOISTS LTD.
SYDNEY, NEWCASTLE, MELBOURNE, ADELAIDE,
PERTH, HOBART, AUCKLAND, N.Z.



**BEAT, HEAT
and EAT**

the lightest
pancakes ever...

IDEAL PANCAKES

YOU'LL NEED

- 4 oz. flour • $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 egg • 12 oz. tin IDEAL MILK
- lemon juice • sugar

Sieve the flour and salt into a bowl, add egg and mix gradually to smoothness. Add half the IDEAL MILK.

BEAT 5 or 10 minutes, then stir in the rest of the Ideal Milk.

HEAT a frying pan, grease the bottom and sides, pour off any surplus fat. Pour in enough batter to just cover the bottom of the pan. Toss or turn when the pancakes turn golden brown.

EAT rolled up, sprinkled with castor sugar, a squeeze of lemon juice, and a spoonful of golden syrup. Delicious!

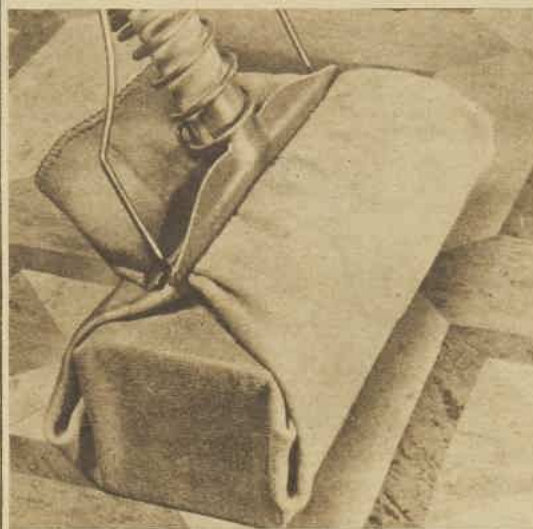


NESTLÉ'S
IDEAL
Evaporated MILK

10.133.12

Hints for the home

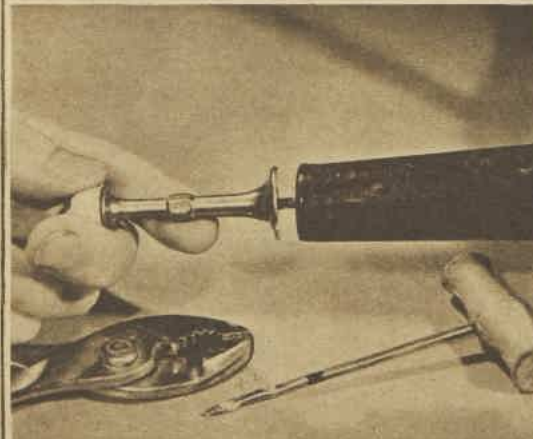
● Here are three worthwhile tips for the handyman around the home. The pictures show how everyday articles of household equipment can be improved easily, and the work of the housewife thus made lighter.



FINER SHINER. You can improvise a workable floor-polisher from a brick, a mop handle, and a piece of soft, sturdy cloth. Wrap the brick snugly in the cloth, fold the ends neatly, and slip through the attachment at the end of an ordinary floor-mop handle.



PLUMBER'S FRIEND. Regular use of a plunger of the suction-and-pressure type helps avoid clogged drainpipes. Your plunger will work better (because there is a tighter seal) if you first rub a thick coating of petroleum jelly along the flat lower edge of the rubber suction-cup.



CHAIR-RAISER. When the baby takes over the high-chair and an older child is not ready for an ordinary chair, get four doorstops with rubber tips and screw them into the legs of a chair. The added height will be adequate for the time being. The chair can be lowered later.



Knit this striking sweater, "Loretta" design, from Patons Knitting Book No. 497 (Price 1/9). Be sure to ask for the right wool!

Patons BEEHIVE AZALEA
KNITTING & CROCHET WOOL

All pure wool

If book unobtainable locally, write, enclosing 3d. extra for postage, to
PATONS & BALDWIN (AUST.) LTD.,
Dept. 2, Box 1606M, P.O., Melbourne, Vic.
Dept. 2, Box 70, P.O., Mascot, N.S.W.
Dept. 2, Box 929M, G.P.O., Brisbane, Q'ld.

851



Pains go...

Why this "Liquid" pain-reliever is safer, yet fast-acting

WHY IT ACTS SO FAST

When you drop Disprin into water, the tablets foam and dissolve quickly—to form a liquid. This liquid pain-reliever has the power to pass more quickly from the stomach into the bloodstream. That is why it acts so fast.

WHY IT IS SAFER

Speed of action is the first major advantage of Disprin. The second is that the pain-relieving agent in Disprin has been made effectively non-acid.

There are no irritating acid particles in the liquid solution of Disprin. This is the reason why Disprin is safer.

Take Disprin for headaches, colds, feverishness and rheumatic pain.

Period pains. Disprin at such times is a real blessing to women. Pain is relieved and the nerves are rapidly soothed. Keep the flat pack of Disprin in your handbag.

Ask your Chemist for Disprin



92/56

DISPRIN
dissolves pain
quickly and safely

Coffee is twice
as nice made with

DOUBLE RICH
Carnation

Double-rich Carnation Milk absolutely **makes** Coffee. It not only adds a smoother, richer, creamier flavour; but also brings out the full, fascinating fragrance of the coffee itself. Whatever your favourite coffee — ground, essence or powder — just remember to use Carnation instead of ordinary milk for the best result. Next coffee-time . . . for the nicest white coffee you've ever tasted — first make it black, then simply add Carnation in the cup — straight from the can and stir. So much easier too — no separate heating — no saucepan to wash. In fact, always use Carnation, the double-rich, better-blending milk for **all** cooking purposes.



KEN ROSEWALL
International Tennis Star
says,
*"Everywhere I go, I see
more and more people
making their coffee black
and creaming it with
Carnation."*

**CARNATION WILL MAKE YOUR
FAVOURITE BEDTIME DRINK EVEN
NICER — IT'S QUICKER, TOO!**

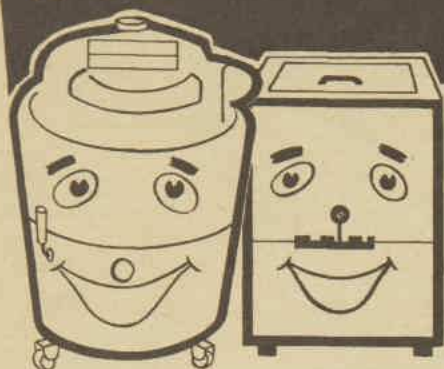
Whether you drink hot chocolate, cocoa or any of the tonic beverages — if it's made with milk — make it with Carnation and you'll like it better than ever. It's Carnation's double-richness and creamy smoothness that does it.

Carnation MILK
'from Contented Cows'

GET YOUR COPY OF THE NEW CARNATION WINTER COOKBOOK — IT'S FREE!
Simply send your name and address to Mary Blake, Carnation Home Economist, Carnation Milk Company, 252 Swanston Street, Melbourne. You'll receive by return post, a copy of the handy, full-colour recipe book "Winter Surprises with Carnation".



Washing clothes clean
is our business . .



... but it takes

Reckitt's Blue

to get them really white



"It's so easy to be misled, but take it from me, you never will see a sheet or a shirt fit to be called white from washing alone. You must give whites that last rinse in Reckitt's Blue for a white you'll be proud of."

"To keep whites truly white—WASH to get the dirt out. RINSE to get rid of loose dirt and suds, then into RECKITT'S BLUE for true white."

says Mary Rawlins.

Reckitt's Blue

KEEPS WHITE CLOTHES REALLY WHITE

Put that
FISHER'S SPARKLE
into your floors!

So easy and quick to use — Fisher's Wax cleans as it polishes — keeps floors and linos sparkling, like new!

LARGE
MAGNUM
TIN 3 1/2
only 3 1/2

(Slightly higher in Country Districts)



For dark woods use FISHER'S WAXTANE

Country home on a hillside



● Two main considerations in planning the home illustrated this week were economy of area and how to take the best advantage of the glorious view.

THE house has been planned for Mrs. Lillian Archer, of Tumut, N.S.W. The site is on a hillside, and has a magnificent panoramic view over the township to the surrounding hills.

In the plan shown I have suggested an unusual arrangement of the living area that is connected to the main bedroom by a gallery. This open plan relies mainly on curtains for privacy. The layout makes heating easy in the winter and gives a view from most parts of the living and working areas.

Interesting interior vistas are created between various parts of the house, allowing a great degree of flexibility in interior decorating.

The kitchen is combined with a small utility area con-

taining a single tub and washing-machine. Building regulations require a separate laundry to be provided, so this could be situated under the house.

The roof of the adjacent porch has a panel of corrugated plastic to admit adequate light to the utility area

ARCHITECT'S DIARY,
by Sydney architect
W. J. McMURRAY

and kitchen. Cross ventilation through the house would keep the kitchen-utility area cool in summer.

The bathroom is a small, compact unit. It has a shower with a 15in.-high kerb and drain outlet with a plug so it can be used as a bath as well. The basin is set in a dressing-

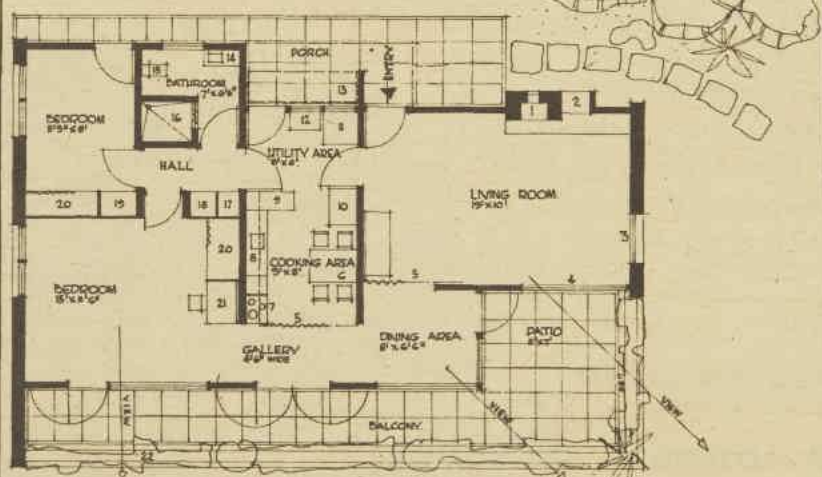
table unit with a group of three drawers at one side.

Windows facing the view have been designed as large areas of fixed glass. Ventilation will be provided mainly by glass doors and sashless plate-glass windows in the brick side walls.

The natural slope of the site gives space underneath the house for a carport and for the future construction of two extra bedrooms.

The materials I suggest for the house are timber stud walls with end walls of face brick. Solid panels between large areas of glass on the north-east and south-west sides will be fibro, with cover beading arranged in a squared pattern.

The main floor area is 880 sq. ft., excluding the carport and space for future bedrooms on the lower level.



FLOOR PLAN OF HOUSE shows: 1, fireplace; 2, fuel store; 3, sliding window; 4, fixed glass; 5, curtain; 6, dinette; 7, stove; 8, sink; 9, bench, cooling cupboard; 10, refrigerator; 11, washing-machine; 12, tub; 13, roof light; 14, basin fitment; 15, toilet; 16, bath, shower; 17, 18, and 19, cupboards; 20, wardrobes; 21, dressing-table.

A Common Problem of Childhood

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

ONE of the commonest problems of childhood is bed-wetting. It often causes worry to many parents.

Various causes contribute to this habit. One is over-emphasis on early toilet training and over-anxiety on the part of the mother to make the child have "clean" habits.

Physical causes such as constipation, the irritation caused by threadworm, septic tonsils or bad adenoids (causing disturbed nights), over-heating or chilling because of unsuitable bedclothes can all be contributing factors.

Psychological factors, especially when the habit continues after three years of

age, are more likely to be the cause of the habit.

A sense of insecurity or fear and a lack of self-confidence, often caused by the parents' wrong approach in the treatment of the habit, are frequent causes of prolonged bed-wetting.

As soon as self-confidence is established there is complete recovery and night-time control is gained.

A leaflet giving helpful suggestions about treating this habit can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

SKETCH of the house designed for Mrs. Archer. Note how the sloping site allows for a carport, laundry, and space for future bedrooms under the main house.

Lovely Mothers
Tell their
Daughters



Easily Banish
acne — pimples — blackheads



All lovely mothers have a protective compassion born of their own memories of adolescent problems. That's why they tell their daughters of Innoxa's miraculous Solution 41!

This colourless, unscented preparation banishes those destroyers of youthful confidence and happiness — pimples — blackheads — acne — open pores — over-oily skin.

Solution 41 ensures serenity of spirit to turbulent adolescent years, and forms a basis of beauty for all the years to come.

Solution 41 12/6

INNOXA Complexion Milk
makes all types of skin

Oh... so fragrantly CLEAN

Not mere cleanliness... but complete cleanliness that glows deep from within. Every speck of the day's grime dissolved in a second!... along with expended, natural oils... and impurities! Nothing in the world cleans skin so swiftly, so safely, so gently... so deeply. 9/6 18/9 34/11

THE BEST COOKS



FAULding essences

F4612.—Matron's one-piece dress designed on slimming lines and finished with a flattering neckline. The pattern includes instruction for 54in. and 36in. material. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material or 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

Fashion PATTERNS

● Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

F4606.—Attractive one-piece dress designed for the teenagers. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. of lace flower-motifs. Price 4/-.

F4615.—American-styled shirtwaist dress has new-again skirt fullness. The pattern includes short and three-quarter length sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material or 4½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/-.

F4614.—Slender sheath dress and matching bolero jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F4609.—Beginners' pattern for easy-to-make boys' pyjamas. Sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 years. Requires 4 to 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.



F4613.—Shortie-pyjama designed with a pretty lace trim. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material, 4yds. 1½in. lace edging, and 5½yds. ½in. lace edging. Price 4/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 519—ONE-PIECE DRESS
The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in flower-printed cambric. The color choice includes aqua, grey, and white; pale green, grey, and lemon; pale pink, grey, and blue; and red, grey, and white. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 45/9, 36 and 38in. bust 47/6. Postage and registration 3/6 extra.

No. 520—SUFFER-CLOTH AND MATCHING SERVIETTES
The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with an attractive tiger-lily motif. The material and color choice includes white and cream Irish linen. Cloth sizes 36 by 36in. 18/9, postage and registration 2/- extra; 48 by 48in. 32/9, postage and registration 3/3 extra; 54 by 54in. 39/11, postage and registration 3/9 extra. Cloth, size 36 by 36in., and serviettes are also obtainable in sheer Irish linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Price 18/9, postage and registration 2/- extra.

No. 521—SMOCK SUIT
Attractively designed smock and matching bloomer-pants are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice includes no-iron pique in white, lemon, blue, pink, and green, and Ingola in cream, lemon, and blue. Pique, sizes 1 and 2 years, 19/9; Ingola, 1 and 2 years, 25/-; Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

No. 522—BLOUSE
Smartly styled short-sleeved blouse is obtainable cut out ready to make. The material and color choice includes sanforised poplin in white, lipstick, ming-blue, coral, red, pale pink, and black. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 28/3; 36 and 38in. bust 33/9. Postage and registration 2/8 extra.

● Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.



KEEP YOUR HAIR

Shining, Silken-soft and lovely!



RICHARD HUDNUT

egg creme shampoo

CLEANS YOUR HAIR LIKE MAGIC!

Soapless!

Concentrated!

You'll be delighted with the new beauty Egg Creme Shampoo brings to your hair... hidden subtleties of tone... lustrous sheen alluringly revealed... and so easily, quickly, simply by the almost magical action of the egg formula which makes this shampoo the most sought-after by the well-groomed. Richard Hudnut Egg Creme Shampoo cleans your hair like magic—yet it's gentle, non-drying. It leaves no dulling "soapy" film and it keeps your hair shining clean.



TRY A 1/3 BUBBLE... then buy the ECONOMICAL BOTTLES 5/6 and 9/6

And Egg Creme Shampoo is concentrated—costs no more to use than ordinary shampoo.

Creation of Richard Hudnut

EC52.102

How to beat attacks of ASTHMA and HAY FEVER

Pollens and dusts irritate membranes of nose and throat, cause gasping for breath, "running" nose and eyes, exhausting sneezing and open the door to germs which may cause deep-seated bronchitis and catarrh. Extracts of pollens and house dusts in Lantigen 'E' desensitise the tissues—prevent attacks. You can thus be free from asthma and hay fever misery. The proof! "... over 30 years a constant sufferer from hay fever. I started Lantigen 'E' on 25th November, 1941. By 2nd December I was completely free, and have been since." No injections! No drugs! Economical!

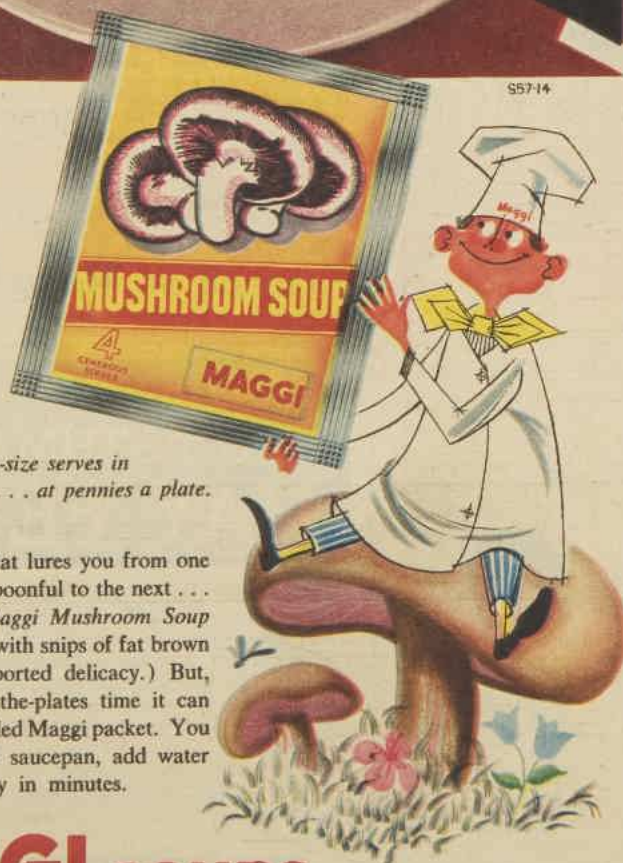
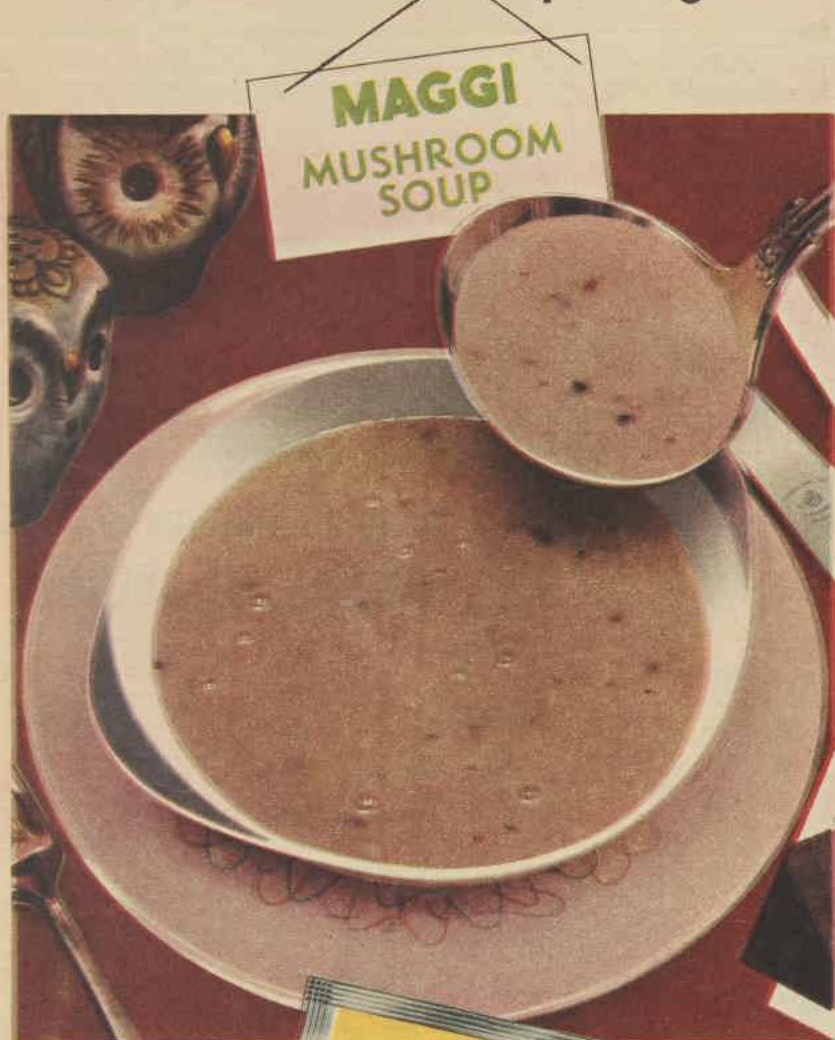
Edinburgh Laboratories (Australia) Pty. Ltd., York Street, Sydney, Australia.

Ask your chemist for

Lantigen 'E'

71E

Sit up and be tempted
it's Mushroom Soup tonight

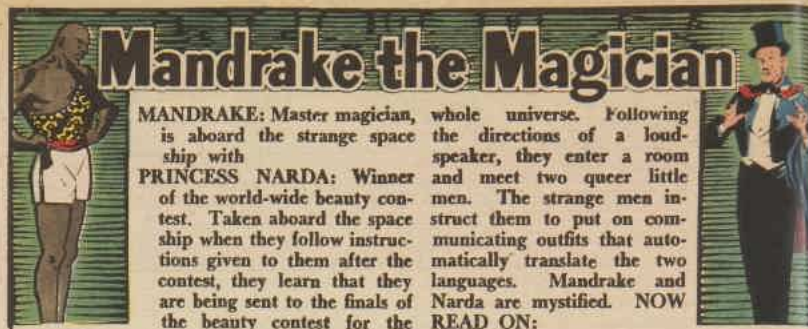


Four big man-size serves in
every packet . . . at pennies a plate.

Here's temptation that lures you from one blissfully delicious spoonful to the next . . . Expensive-tasting Maggi Mushroom Soup is creamy and thick with snips of fat brown mushroom (the imported delicacy.) But, right up to heating-the-plates time it can still be in its tight-sealed Maggi packet. You simply flip it into a saucepan, add water and heat. It's ready in minutes.

MAGGI soups ARE MADE BY NESTLÉ'S

Many wonderful varieties:—Keep an assorted stack of Maggi Soups on hand . . . They're wonderfully convenient and they cost so little.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



Don't be
HALF-SAFE!



New super-smooth cream deodorant
**SAFELY STOPS
PERSPIRATION
1 TO 3 DAYS**

Indoors or out, there's always the danger of offending — unless you stop perspiration before unpleasant odor can form!

Smoother, creamier Arrid: INSTANTLY STOPS PERSPIRATION and keeps armpits dry safely — as proved by leading doctors. Removes odor from perspiration on contact. Antiseptic action. WON'T ROT CLOTHES.

New creamy-soft Arrid does not irritate skin, even after shaving. Arrid has a wonderful new ingredient. Perspox — your guarantee that new Arrid is softer, smoother than ever. Buy the new super-smooth Arrid today!

ARRID

Now with Perspox
for
Super Creaminess



Available in both smooth cream and handy Arrid "Super-Spray" dispenser.



NEW FORMULA

Safe, sure,
soothing for baby!

Baby troubled with teeth? then **NEW-FORMULA** Steedman's Powders will bring safe, sure, swift relief! Made to a revised prescription in line with modern medical trends, Steedman's Powders restore regularity to baby's system when upset, feverish or constipated.

New
**STEEDMAN'S
POWDERS**
Available Everywhere

DON'T
GIVE UP HOPE!

**Asthma
BEATEN!**

Because everything you've ever tried has failed—don't give up hope! As-mo-lets, a wonderful tablet treatment, has been found effective in an extraordinarily high percentage of cases. One tiny tablet brings marvellous, immediate relief. As-mo-lets do more than merely soothe: they attack the inflammation through the bloodstream and raise your resistance. As-mo-lets are completely safe, and can be given even to young children. Ask your Chemist about them—8/6 a bottle.

AS-MO-LETS

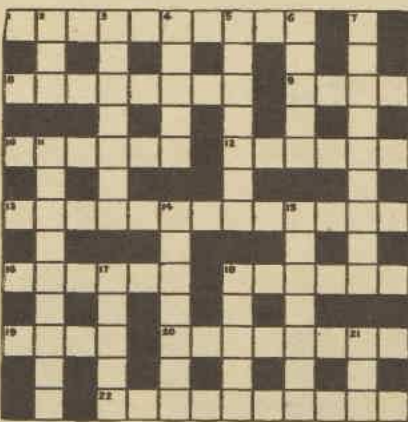
TEENA by Linda Terry



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Easy gallop round an oven by a member of the Presbyterian compact in 1643 (10).
8. For an insect it is the fifth and the sixth (4, 4).
9. Umbrella containing an electric unit made by Dickens (4).
10. Talisman in mother's little bed (6).
12. Smooth, glossy surface (6).
13. Water is flowing above the top of this part of a mill and the middle is hot (8, 5).
16. Image prohibited in the Bible (6).
18. Wooden trough and the French on the rear (6).
19. Small vessel by the way of fifty (4).
20. Bile left in an aquatic safety equipment (8).
22. Go red back to a conservative and make it disparaging (10).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

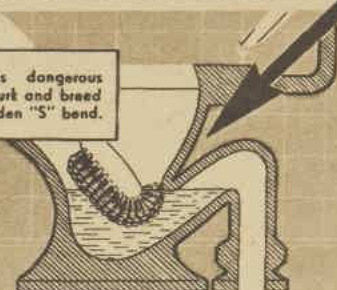


Solution of last week's crossword.

2. Eggs kept in an indigo vase (3).
3. Tempter with I in the centre (7).
4. The representative is not a perfect gentleman (5).
5. Throw up a vessel for a drunkard (7).
6. Kingly beer turned (5).
7. Decorate metal by inlaying with other metals (9).
11. To use this grammatical form you must have a bad liver (9).
14. Her land (Anagr. 7).
15. Chop up an upturned small cask for an old-fashioned musket (7).
17. Incontestable having a slangy hat on (5).
18. Confuse, be it with mist (5).
21. Roman diety kept in a solarium (3).

No brush can clean
around this dangerous
HIDDEN "S" BEND

HARPIC kills dangerous
germs which lurk and breed
round the hidden "S" bend.



Keep your toilet clean and bright
with a little HARPIC every night



HARPIC disinfects and
deodorises—as it cleans

NEW PLEASANT WAY TO REALLY CLEAN YOUR TOILET!

Simply sprinkle in Harpic at night and flush in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly, killing germs around that hidden "S" bend, leaving the entire lavatory bowl sparkling, hygienically clean. Delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling. Harpic can be used with perfect safety for cleaning septic tank toilet bowls. Ask for Harpic at your store.



HARPIC REGD.

Safe for cleaning septic tank toilet bowls

CLEANS ROUND THE "S" BEND • DISINFECTS • DEODORISES



Keep up that steady sip, sip, sip
of Bonnington's Irish Moss.

That's the fastest way to sweep
dangerous congestion right out
of your system . . . and put
a quick end to the worst cold
or 'flu attack.

Bonnington's Irish Moss,

3/6 everywhere.

Insist on
VENCATACHELLUM
THE WORLDS BEST CURRY

Only **LAN-CHOO TEA** gives you this

DOUBLE ECONOMY



YOU SAVE THAT EXTRA SPOONFUL

every time you make tea with **LAN-CHOO**. That's real economy!

SAVE THIS LABEL

and share in the **LAN-CHOO BONUS PLAN** — nearly 400 useful presents to choose from.



LAN-CHOO

Ceylon's Choicest Tea